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JOHN BULL, week ending October 9, 1943

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV.
1947

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EVERY
THURSDAY

RIDDLE
OF THE
STRIKES
By The EDITOR

HUMAN
SIDE
OF
RENT
EVILS

TWO
VITAL
BOOKS
By A.G.G.

*There's nothing like
a GUINNESS after a
hard day's
work . . .*



GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU



KODAK FILM is in the skies recording bomber targets

Behind giant lenses like the one shown, "Kodak" Film is at work recording our bomber targets. If you have difficulty in getting a spool of "Kodak" film, remember it is because so much "Kodak" film is doing vital work—helping to bring peace (and peace-time snaps) back to reality.



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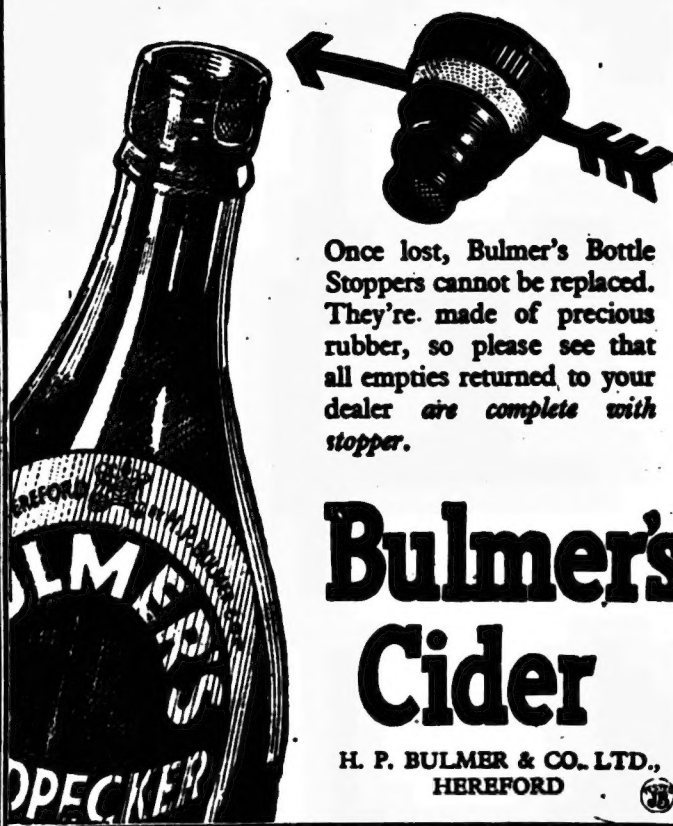
"Home lesson..." A splendid wash with Wright's before and after lessons is a habit that's helped to keep generations of children fresh and fit. That lovely-smelling 'coal tar' leather keeps the skin healthy, cleanses cuts and grazes, drives away germs. Many schools use nothing but Wright's.

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

"ONE TABLET — ONE COUPON"



You can replace the stopper..we can't



Once lost, Bulmer's Bottle Stoppers cannot be replaced. They're made of precious rubber, so please see that all empties returned to your dealer are complete with stopper.

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD.,
HEREFORD

repd 66

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

52 WATERLOO CUP WINNERS have been conditioned on Benbow's. Give it to your dog, whatever his breed or age. For leaflet which will help you to solve to-day's dog-diet problems, send penny stamp to Benbow's Dog Mixture Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.) 26, Copers Cope Road, Beckenham, Kent.

At Chemists and Corn Merchants,

Keep YOUR Dog
fit on Benbow's.



FOOD FACTS

Hints for the HOUSEHOLD HARVEST



GREEN TOMATO CHUTNEY

Ingredients: 5 lb. tomatoes, 1 lb. onions, 1 lb. sugar, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 oz. pickling spices (clove, allspice, cinnamon, ginger, mace, and mustard, or those which are available mixed according to taste), 1 pint vinegar. **Method:** Cook the onions in a very little water until soft. Then mix in all the other ingredients except the sugar and vinegar. Add just enough vinegar to prevent burning and add more as the chutney thickens. After about 1 1/2 hours cooking the chutney should be quite thick, and the rest of the vinegar and the sugar should be added. Cook until the chutney is like thick jam.

DRIED ONIONS

ONIONS which are unsuitable for storing whole can be dried for winter use as a flavouring for soups and stews. Trim and slice the bulbs and place in salted water for a minute or two (one tablespoonful salt to one quart water). Then spread on trays and dry slowly in a cool oven until they are crisp. Store whole or powdered in dry jars or tins. The outer skins of onions can be saved and dried in the same way.

**LISTEN TO
THE KITCHEN FRONT
EVERY MORNING AT 8.15**

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 169

The Expectant Mother

HER EXTRAS

By taking or sending her ration book and a medical certificate to the local Food Office, an expectant mother can obtain a child's green ration book (R.B.2), modified to meet her special needs, in addition to her own general ration book. She then will be entitled to:

MILK—A pint a day—free or at reduced price under the National Milk Scheme—plus the ordinary allowance of milk on her own ration book.

EGGS—Two shell eggs at each allocation. One on the green book and one on her own.

DRIED EGGS—Three packets at each allocation. Two on the green book and one on her own.

MEAT—A half ration on the green book in addition to the full ration on her own.

FRESH ORANGES—Priority on the green book when supplies available.

CONCENTRATED ORANGE JUICE—Obtainable at the maternity and child welfare Centres or the local Food Office. A tablespoonful should be taken every day.

FISH LIVER OIL—Vitamin A and D tablets—made from special concentrated oil. Or if preferred cod liver oil.

NOTE: A six-ounce bottle of orange juice contains 12 oranges cost 5d. A bottle of cod liver oil costs 10d. Tablets are 1d. for 4d. If an expectant mother is entitled to FREE milk she also gets FREE fruit juice and cod liver oil.

Special coupon pages are provided in the green book for both orange juice and cod liver oil or Vitamin A and D tablets.



Please leave Horlicks for those who need it most

ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to

miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 9, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."



Straight from the Shoulder

FIFTEEN HUNDRED DAYS

OUR feeling next Monday morning, the 1,500th day of war, might well be a blend of cheerfulness and confidence. For a glance at the map should dispel any autumnal gloom.

Look first at Russia. Our allies aren't very far now from the Polish frontier. They might even reach it before the rain turns to sleet and snow.

What is more important, they are making it both impossible and pointless for the enemy to use his still massive forces for anything but defensive action in future.

Stalin's Skill

Once again we can admire Stalin's skill in fencing with the Nazi High Command. Note his numerous feints before thrusting deeply at the Dnieper bend, where thousands of the enemy's rearguards have been trapped and drowned in the broad river!

But observe, too, the German dexterity in avoiding a repetition of Stalingrad. No longer can the Wehrmacht afford to take risks.

Conspicuous Absence

Thus the *Luftwaffe* is as scarce on the Eastern Front as in Italy.

It is restricted to defensive action against the Red bombers. The Russian troops can advance without looking anxiously skywards; the Red Air Force can expand without hindrance.

Our ally can thank the R.A.F. and the U.S. Air Force for that.

Global Chiefs

What of the other fronts? General Marshall, that shrewd American, is tipped as global commander of all the Allies except the Russians. Presumably he would be in charge of the land war.

No doubt it is tribute to the R.A.F.'s pioneer work as well as to the man himself that the name of Sir Charles Portal is mentioned in well-informed circles as the first World Air Commander.

Two Names

He would almost certainly be succeeded by Sir Arthur Tedder, who was actually appointed as Portal's second-in-command a year ago but was prevented from returning to London by the need

to help Eisenhower and Alexander smash the Germans in Africa.

Sholto Douglas would be Tedder's natural successor in Algiers.

Quick Progress

Goering must envy all three. He has to hold his Italian-based fighters in reserve for the big battles yet to come.

Undoubtedly our Fifth and Eighth Armies will make rapid progress in the next few days. Then, beyond the plains, they will find mountains and rivers where Kesselring may wage many delaying actions as he withdraws slowly northwards.

Waiting Their Chance

Here in Britain a powerful army has been on manoeuvres. Though it will no doubt be further reinforced by Americans, it is ready for whatever call is made upon it.

Advance Base

But German reconnaissance 'planes are much more interested in Cyprus nowadays. Evidently there is plenty going on there.

The island is an advance base from which our Ninth and Tenth Armies can jump to the Balkans.

Ready to Strike

Though our Yugoslav allies have been driven from the coastal regions they snatched when Italy collapsed, they are firmly entrenched in the mountains—ready to strike again.

Waiting anxiously for our invasion of Crete and Greece are bands of British and Dominion troops who stayed to fight with the guerillas when our main forces were driven out early in 1941.

Sudden Switch

Throughout the Mediterranean we hold the initiative. And Hitler's satellites know it.

Antonescu of Rumania may jump over to our side when we invade. Hungary is dropping hints that she never really considered herself at war with the Western Powers. Bulgaria is in a ferment.

Red Light

Even Japan's sun has turned an ominous red.

Seeing our preparations for a vast

offensive in the East, she is plundering her conquered territories—transferring all movable goods and food to her homeland and arranging for the destruction of everything that can't be moved.

Our Chance

Life under the Japanese is so much worse than under British rule that our mistakes in Malaya and Burma may be forgotten and the people will welcome us back.

We shall have a great opportunity to prove our good intentions. And we could begin now in other parts of the Empire.

Famine Sweeps On

For example, famine is not confined to India. In Kenya, too, natives are dying of starvation.

Something more is needed than local antidotes to hoarding and profiteering. The remedy must be sought in adequate control and proper distribution of the world's foodstuffs.

Bad for U-boats

Our own food situation is not likely to be imperilled by the new U-boat activity. The position may be likened to that at the end of 1917: we have countered the U-boat menace, but have not yet entirely removed it.

Though the enemy is adopting fresh tactics, so are we. And ours promise greater success.

On with the Job!

Perhaps the most irritating feature of the present state of the war is the spate of predictions and warnings from the politicians. On a single day last week, for example, three spokesmen gave their views on the length of the war.

We don't need to talk about the war's end. The important thing is to speed the end by taking care not to miss opportunities which may never recur.

And, of course, by working to our utmost capacity.

Discretion, Please!

In this respect the Government is right in urging every one of us to do "just that bit more." Our recent successes, the prospect of decisive successes to come, are a fine inducement.

On the other hand, officialdom must show some discretion. It would be unwise as well as unjust to prosecute every man who had to take a few hours from work to take his sick wife to hospital!

Long Talks

Among the hardest-worked people in Britain during the next few weeks will be—yes!—our Foreign Office officials.

The Three-Power meeting of Foreign Ministers will be protracted. One subject alone, the Allies' post-war relations with Germany, will take a lot of discus-

● No need to tell you that dirty milk is dangerous to health. No need, either, to remind you of the thousands of young children who die because of tainted milk.

But it is necessary to ginger-up the Government on the subject.

JOHN BULL has done its best to provide the ginger. And now the annual conference of veterinary surgeons has offered another dose.

The Government has been told bluntly that cattle diseases are costing the country £30,000,000 a year, which is quite a bit. Worse still, if we killed off all beasts infected with tuberculosis, we should have to slaughter 40 per cent. of Britain's cattle!

It is true that these appalling facts are leading to some belated action in Whitehall. But the nation is entitled to demand more drastic measures.

The veterinary surgeons ask for the greater use of the "Vet." in the supervision of milk and meat supplies, a quarterly inspection of dairy herds.

That may be a lot to ask. But it isn't too much.

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sion. And there are a whole host of other thorny problems on the agenda.

Lord Keynes

One vital issue of the peace has already been tackled in grand style. Lord Keynes and the Americans have been trying to hammer out a world economic policy.

They are trying, in other words, to set trade going after the war. Some progress can be reported.

Cabinet Changes

There's no surprise about Lord Beaverbrook's appointment for JOHN BULL readers. We predicted his return to the Government, in precisely his present position, when he resigned last year.

But for a last-minute disagreement behind the scenes, there would have been other recent changes.

Speed Up

The actual reshuffle clearly places a heavy responsibility on Mr. Attlee for speeding up legislation affecting Reconstruction.

Sir William Jowitt's answer to a deputation has not exactly brightened our hopes for an early Beveridge-and-nothing-but-Beveridge decision.

True, the promised White Paper on the subject will be useful. But it must be backed by detailed proposals.

Touchstone

For the Beveridge scheme has become the touchstone of the Government's sincerity in reform as a whole.

As Sir Eric MacFadyen writes in the *Times*: "Our plans will come to nothing if large elements of our population are again to fall below the level of subsistence consistent not with life merely but the good life."

Exactly. The Beveridge scheme is the basis of such planning. And, after fifteen hundred days of war, the Government should now be ready with clear-cut decisions for after the war.

Tory Revolt

It is encouraging to see the aggressive manifesto just issued by some of the younger Tory M.P.s.

They are not alone in their impatience for a real start towards the goal of preventing post-war unemployment and social injustices.

What We Want

A few more committee's won't satisfy anyone. There were 196 of them in 1918, and we all know how little resulted. What we want now is common-sense translated into action.

(Continued overleaf)

"IN THIS GREAT TROUBLE IT WILL BE A GREAT HELP"—

So writes Mrs. A. M. Howard, of School Lane, Marham, King's Lynn, in acknowledging cheque paid to her by "John Bull" for damage by fire to the contents of her home.

"John Bull" offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection for readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, ETC.

In addition to

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE (underwritten at LLOYD'S)

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THE new Chancellor of the Exchequer will soon have a fine chance to show his mettle.

It will be his job to steer the "Pay-as-you-Earn" proposals through the House of Commons—a pleasant job because everyone wanted to pay as they earn.

Spread the Relief

Everyone? There's the snag that Sir John Anderson must overcome. He was left a grand legacy in Sir Kingsley Wood's draft plan.

Let him improve on it and extend the scheme to monthly paid workers. Wages don't have to be high to come in once a month.

It's estimated that 10,000,000 weekly wage earners will have their income-tax liability wiped out after they cease earning. Let the monthly paid workers enjoy the same relief.

Hungry to Bed

And for goodness' sake let's have this question of landworkers' rations settled now.



Farm workers have appetites

A couple of weeks ago JOHN BULL stated the case for more food for farm workers. We said that many of them, living and working in the nation's larder, had to go hungry to bed. That may have seemed far-fetched to townsmen. It wasn't.

A long letter came this week from a wife living in the Bury St. Edmunds area of Suffolk. "I'd like you to come to this village," she says, "and see the lean, overworked, young men. We've no British Restaurant, we've never seen a mobile canteen."

Empty-handed

The letter goes on: "It's ten miles to town and the village wives go there once a week trying to get a pound of sausages or a bit of fish. Often they have to leave the queues empty-handed to get the last bus home."

"I've a husband and three sons and I never eat meat, bacon or butter. How

can I when I see my boy of 19 getting thinner and thinner each day?"

Getting Views

Last week brought more praiseworthy evidence that the Government remembers democratic principles even in these days of dictatorial bureaucracy.

The President of the Board of Education had a busy time in the provinces. He went to the people to find out what they think of the educational proposals.

Foolscap Flood

And Mr. Bevin asked 6,000 women to question Ministers at the Albert Hall meeting.

Excellent. But why was the meeting secret? Why were newspaper offices flooded with verbatim reports of the speeches printed on foolscap? Each set would have provided a normal family with enough writing-paper for six months.

If the Press had been allowed to get their own reports, half the paper would have been saved. Because a journalist doesn't put down everything a politician says. Life's too short.

Under the Cloak

There's been a lot of criticism of the unofficial strikes lately. We don't intend to comment here, but two cases reported by readers ought to be made known because they show the kind of treatment some employees get under the Essential Work Order's all-embracing cloak.

Time to Spare

Case One: Four women clocked out two minutes early at a Leeds factory. All four were suspended for three days. Eight minutes having been lost to the war effort, the firm made it 12 days more.

Discipline has to be kept, of course, but isn't this sort of practice just playing into the hands of workers who feel like a few days off?

Essential Work

Case Two: Last month eight women employed at a West of England factory on war work were allowed to spend an afternoon picking blackberries. They were driven to the fields by a charge hand.

At the same place—where labour is supposed to be short—a man has been taken from his job to do some gardening outside the works.

West End Hold-up

Not the most useful of activities; but not a hindrance like the shopping habits of too many London women these days.

These women are going about the West End in taxis at the busiest time of the day, snapping up the cabs needed to take people doing real war work to urgent appointments or to catch trains.

Unfair Fare

The taxi-drivers can't do anything about it. Some of them don't seem to want to as they're revelling in the cab shortage.

And making it pay.

Three people, forced to share a taxi at Euston late the other night, were each charged full fare to Piccadilly. The unlucky man who first got the taxi was asked for the extra sixpence for a third passenger.

Blind Alley

A Kent man was called up for the R.A.F. about a year ago. He'd always been deaf, but they took him from a local Government job where he was doing good work.

Now, his training finished, he's been turned down from draft—because of deafness.

Seeing Red?

He was on leave a few weeks ago and tried to get hold of some paint to tidy up his house.

He couldn't get any.

His leave over, he went back to wait for the medical board—and had to spend his time painting hut floors.

Beanacre Complains

The airman must have felt sour. But not nearly so sour as the people of Beanacre, Wilts, are feeling.

Half a mile from the village is a huge dump used by the Bradford and Melksham Rural District Council—and by the biggest collection of rats in the country.

Felt at Home

The rats were first attracted by waste from a rubber factory, then made to feel at home when thousands of empty food tins were dumped by the R.A.F.

Local people were frightened to walk past the dump, at night as sometimes 30 or 40 rats could be seen at a time.

Then Fired

There aren't so many there now.

A month or so ago the dump caught fire and many of the rats were driven away to breed in the neighbouring villages.

But perhaps the biggest scandal is the mountain of tins. Are the rats protecting them from salvage or is it that the local authorities just don't care?

Yucca Gloriosa

Yucca Gloriosa has waited 35 years to do her good turn, but now she's done it and it's meant five guineas for the sick children at the Great Ormond Street Hospital, London.

Yucca Gloriosa—a sub-tropical plant—was given to the son of the caretaker at Stone School, Falfield, Gloucester, when he was a boy. The experts said it would bloom after 35 years. And it did.

Visitors came to see the promise kept, contributed to a collection. Hence the five guineas. What's more, the plant earned 36 hours' leave for her owner—now in the Army.

● Employees at an engineering works near London, who are engaged on metal polishing, have been used to having a milk allowance—a very necessary precaution against the dust-laden atmosphere in the shops.

Their allowance was a pint a day until the shortage became acute, and then they had half a pint. They accepted the cut without grumbling.

Now, despite everything the general manager has done, the milk is stopped.

And the workers ARE grumbling.

Because one of them called on a local farmer and arranged to collect surplus milk for his work-mates. The farmer was willing, provided the Food Office gave permission. The Food Office wouldn't.

Against the rules? Maybe; but so is risking human life when there's no need.

Bad Show?

A woman colleague, known for the sunniest of smiles, came gloomily into the office the other morning. She'd been to a West End theatre the night before—and was far from pleased.

Not only the leading actresses, but those in the small parts as well, had been wearing exquisite gowns and suits.

Men May Say . . .

"I don't mind seeing the girls wearing glamorous creations in the revues," she said. "But for women with very tiny parts to wear just the sort of clothes we're all dying to have for everyday use is too aggravating."

Probably men won't agree about this. They may retort that, with the few nice clothes going about, it's right for our Fighting Forces on leave to get the chance to see something really attractive. But there are more serious points about clothes. . . .

Ruled Out

And still talking of coupons. . . . There's that trouble at a County High School, where the headmistress, Miss Bull, believes in keeping to the rules about school clothes. So fifteen-year-old Sheila Rayment was suspended because her parents objected to spending seven coupons to get her house shoes (compulsory in the Ilford High School).

The Chairman of the school governors, Alderman Dane, says discipline is Miss Bull's affair, and she considered she was acting in her pupils' best interest. He agrees with her decision. We don't.

Who'll Keep Guard? What's more, we don't agree with the Alderman's outburst against "the horrible newspapers who slammed Miss Bull."

We don't say she's done anything stupid, but if she did, it's part of her job to be slammed at.

And if the newspapers do not keep their eyes open for mistakes, who will, Alderman Dane?



Suspended Sheila

BEHIND THE NEWS

● Goebbels is busy holding a series of conferences with his provincial officials on German home front problems. Russia, air raids, landings in Italy, have all contributed to a big drop in morale as the fifth winter of war approaches.

● One of the wily Doctor's biggest problems is "black listening" to foreign radio stations. Himmler wants to confiscate private radio sets, compel group listening. Goebbels thinks this would be an admission of failure of his propaganda department. The tussle between the two men is still going on.

● Big German diplomatic offensive has started in the Balkans. But Ribbentrop's agents promising new charters and complete freedom are faced with ridicule and contempt. Approaching Allied armies are a stronger argument. Developments are expected soon.

● German gauleiters are selling arms to guerrillas in most occupied countries. In exchange, they accept certificates stating that they have helped the cause of freedom.

● Danger of epidemics in Polish districts—caused by Nazi cruelty—are now threatening German armies, which must use Poland as a base for Russian operations. Large-scale transfer has been made of medical laboratories from inside Germany to Poland, complete with equipment and staff.

● This conscription of doctors and medical personnel for front-line service is threatening the health of the German towns, which have been practically denuded of medical services.

● On top of all this, overcrowded railways are carrying women and children hither and thither. Women are leaving reception areas according to their own judgment of the military situation. Nazi officialdom is beaten by hysteria.

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RIDDLE OF THE STRIKES

GIVEN an all-round willingness to settle labour disputes by frank discussion or by arbitration, none of them should cause stoppage of work.

In fact, however, these disputes are increasing in number and the nation's war production is growingly impaired by strikes.

Why is this? Sir Stafford Cripps has pointed out that there has never been a better chance to force the pace of victory.

To do this, production must keep well ahead of Service requirements, and only the workers can make this possible.

That means, of course, all the workers from the management downwards, and, as the people of this country are lacking neither in loyalty nor common-sense, they know Sir Stafford is right.

Still there are strikes. Sometimes the employers are to blame, sometimes the men; more often, perhaps, both; and always, to some extent, the Government itself.

For the Government alone is armed with the necessary powers to forestall strike action. It can use them effectively only by acting resolutely, with strict impartiality and in time.

Many people feel that it is not doing this. They consider that action is often one-sided, and there are some grounds for this suspicion.

Thus, when Mr. Bevin stated in Parliament the other day that some strikes were provoked by employers for ulterior motives, while others were organised for political reasons, he added that the Government intended to deal with the agitators.

But he did not say that it intended to take equally vigorous action against the offending employers. The omission may have been unintentional, but it was none the less marked.

No less significant is the official admission that of the production committees in the coal-fields, only one out of four is working satisfactorily—and these only where the mine owners are willing to tolerate them.

BUT these production committees should be regarded as an essential part of the machinery of conciliation. They should be not only tolerated, but welcomed and encouraged.

And if pit strikers are to be fined and jailed, then common justice demands the similar treatment of obstructive or do-nothing owners.

JOHN BULL is opposed to strike action during this national emergency; so are all the responsible leaders of the trade unions.

But we have to admit that some strikes could have been avoided if the conciliation machinery, said to be available in all cases, had been in uniformly good working order.

This is not the case. For example, the annual conference of the Association of Engineering and Shipbuilding Draughtsmen recently came to the unanimous conclusion that a strike in a North-West factory was the outcome of defects in this machinery.

As a sequel to this strike, 173 draughtsmen were fined £5 each. The Conference held that they had been unjustly treated, and decided to ask the Ministries concerned to inquire into the suitability of the firm's executives.

Beyond doubt, other inquiries of the same kind are called for, and they ought to be made before strikes start, not after they have happened.

There is, too, legitimate ground for complaint among the workers because of the unequal treatment meted out to offenders against war time industrial rules.

Some magistrates show a tendency to pass sentences of imprisonment upon every striker brought before them; others are much less severe, and there are many cases where no prosecution

follows the technically illegal act. Again, no unprejudiced observer can deny that the machinery of conciliation and arbitration, even when it is functioning smoothly, moves far too slowly.

There is generally a wide time-lag between the presentation of grievances and their redress. Wage negotiations drag on and on at such wearisome length as to encourage the hot-heads to clamour for direct action.

For instance, without attempting to justify the 9,000 Vickers engineers for downing their tools, it is only fair to point out that they were seeking in October an interpretation of a wage award made in March.

And that the National Arbitration Committee took more than a week to discover this interpretation! It is rare, indeed, for any award to be made until some tribunal has considered it for at least five days.

There is obviously something wrong here. Industrial justice needs to be speeded up, and, since workers are expected to do overtime whenever a rush-job calls for it, it would not be unreasonable to ask tribunals to do as much.

JOHN BULL does not put any of these considerations forward as a valid excuse for unofficial strikes. There can be no excuse for them.

To down tools against the advice of trade union leaders and in defiance of awards is sabotage of the national war effort, neither more nor less.

It is also, as Mr. Bevin rightly stressed, treachery to the entire trades union movement, and plain disloyalty to the strikers' fellow-workers throughout the country.

But we still maintain that the Government cannot escape its share of responsibility in this matter.

It could and should speed up the machinery of conciliation. It could and should deal as resolutely and promptly with the offending employer as with the offending employee.

Furthermore—and this may go deeper to the root of the trouble than our leaders yet realise—it could and should give the whole country an inspiring lead by proving its determination to live up to its own promises.

Let us face the fact that all men work and fight harder for a cause in which they believe. The toll of to-day is stimulated by the hope for to-morrow.

Again and again the people of this country

have been told by the politicians that we are fighting not only for the overthrow of our enemies but for the establishment here in Britain of a fairer and happier and more secure way of living.

But they are given little evidence of the Government's resolve to bring this great change to pass. Delays are dangerous; they breed scepticism, and all too often nowadays people are heard to say: "It's going to be just like it was after the last war; lots of talk and little action, plenty of promises and few fulfilments."

JOHN BULL does not believe this. The nation is determined that this time there shall be performance as well as promise.

Nevertheless, there is bitter disappointment with the rate of progress towards the desired goal.

We share the general disillusion at the Government's failure to implement even those parts of the Beveridge Plan which have been given its official approval.

WE note, too, that much other legislation essential to any worth-while reconstruction programme is being held up for no apparent reason other than irresolution or plain cowardice.

Under these conditions, Social Security is a continuously receding vision, and the rebuilding of Britain to a nobler plan—already outlined in the Barlow, Scott and Uthwatt Reports—seems nothing but a mirage shimmering above a desert of "careful study," "anxious consideration," and indefinite postponement.

We are not blaming the Minister of Labour for all this. Mr. Bevin has, on the contrary, tackled a big job with courage and ability, and he has often had to fight against strong vested interests.

Our appeal to the Government to-day is that it should back him up with all its strength and put an end to labour disputes by dealing firmly and impartially with both sides.

We also appeal to employers and employees to co-operate in this national effort and to hasten peace by providing our fighting men with the tools of victory.

Above all, we urge our responsible leaders to give the country proof that they mean what they say—and that they intend without the least unnecessary delay to put brave plans into still braver practice.

Strange Mission From Moscow

UNPRECEDENTED is the radio real-life drama now being enacted in Moscow.

Four German generals, scores of officers and N.C.O.s, prisoners in Russian hands since the recapture of Stalin-grad, are broadcasting to Germany inciting the people and the army to revolt, to overthrow Hitler, and to withdraw the German armies behind the frontier.

Political exiles and German Communists join in these thrice daily broadcasts.

History has no precedent for this action—and certainly nobody would have foreseen the day when Prussian generals begged their colleagues to lay down their arms in the middle of a war!

These talks are already having a bewildering effect in the ranks of the German anti-Nazis in this country and the United States.

There are some who denounce

the new "united front" between Communists and military leaders.

But if Stalin considers that the German officers can help to bring this about, we should be foolish to condemn their assistance.

★ ★ ★

More important than the effect these talks have on refugees is their great propaganda appeal to the German people and, above all, to the German army.

The revolt of the German generals against Hitler must have repercussions.

Let us make no mistake about it: if they have taken the lead in the newly created Union of German Officers (prisoners-of-war in Soviet Russia), and members of the German National Committee in Moscow, and if they can persuade even one or two Commanding Officers on the Eastern Front to throw in their hands, the war in Europe would probably be over within a few months.

It is idle to discuss the motives of these generals or to ferret out

sinister motives on the part of Stalin.

The leader of the State that has suffered more at the hands of the Nazis and the German armies than any other Allied nation will not allow himself to be hoodwinked by his associates—however strange they may be.

Whatever we may think of these German officers, led by Von Seydlitz, whose name echoes back in Prussian history to the days of Frederick the Great, they have burned their boats.

★ ★ ★

They must know what the Gestapo will do to their families and that if they fail in their self-appointed mission their names will be dishonoured for ever in Germany.

They have chosen to broadcast appeals to stop the war before it is too late for their country, and they see it as their duty as Germans to do so.

Let us hope that they will succeed—and succeed soon.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

OPEN LETTERS



Mrs. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT,
First Lady, the United States of America

DEAR MADAM,—As First Lady in U.S.A., you wield immense power for good or evil. Happily for the Allied cause, all your vitality—and how often I envy that apparently limitless energy of yours—has been thrown into the war against the Axis.

It is only natural that you should command the respect and admiration not only of American women but of women everywhere who toll for victory, peace, and freedom. And it is only natural that your great gifts of intellect and human understanding should rank you high among the world's leading women.

Your latest task, a 25,000-mile trip in the Pacific, has, you record, created in you "a feeling of enormous pride in the younger generation and enormous faith in their ability to do what they set out to do at whatever cost."

Your faith in Democratic Youth is reassuring. It is a counter-blast to the moaners, the whiners, the grey-minded pessimists who foresee a future of disturbance and chaos. And it is a sign that the world we seek to stabilise after the war will be in good hands.

As inspiration to the cause of the United Nations, you are worth an Army Corps.—**JOHN BULL.**

Dr. ERNEST BARNES, D.D.,
Bishop of Birmingham

DEAR DR. BARNES,—Your warning that unless industrial controls are maintained after the war great predatory monopolies menacing world peace will arise, is timely.

Referring to "Big Business," you ask pertinently: "Was big business so competent during the six months which ended with Dunkirk?"

In fairness to our industrialists, much of the blame for our state of unpreparedness for war must be borne by the sleepy, visionless men at Westminster who made no attempt to check the rise to arrogance and power of Hitler, and who failed lamentably to grasp the trend in European and world affairs.

Yet, in fairness to you, it would be idle to deny that Britain in its palmiest days ever approached such industrial perfection as she has attained in this present war under State control.

When the war is won the other fight will begin—the Battle of Industrial Control. It will be a fierce battle, with the little men and the consumers as pawns.

Unless, of course, the little men, in their millions, the little men who fought and worked and sacrificed for Britain, decide that they're tired of being pawns, and demand the heritage they have so richly won.—**JOHN BULL.**

Councillor S. SNEDDON,
Fife Regional Planning Committee

DEAR SIR,—Thank heavens some local authorities aren't willing to let Whitehall "put back the clock a hundred years"!

And thanks to you, in particular, for daring to reject the Government's plans for new houses designed for miners' families.

They would have been miserable houses, with poky rooms, bad ventilation, concrete floors, ladders over the coal-cellars, and other horrors to make them poor bargains.

I don't wonder the plans were indignantly condemned by medical and sanitary officers. I'm surprised only that, in other parts of the country, the Government has been allowed to build houses marked by such stupidities as hot-water pipes in the larders!

Certainly the housing shortage is so grave that homes must be erected at the greatest possible speed. But they can be built quite as fast to good designs as to rotten ones.

Maybe the Government thought they were meant not for miners but for sub-men.—**JOHN BULL.**

Mr. D. L. BATESON,
Chairman, London Price Regulation Committee

DEAR SIR,—War or no war the spirit of Christmas still lives, especially in the hearts of our kiddies. And the outward expressions of Christmas are the toys which come to them on the Day of Days.

Last year about this time the toy ramp was in its first stages. As Christmas approached prices soared, while toys grew scarcer. Shillings were charged for rickety toys worth a few pence. Poor parents were at their wits' end to provide something, anything, for their children.

From now on no toy must be sold at more than 24s. 5d., including Purchase Tax. But that does not mean the end of the ramp. Only a small proportion of parents can afford toys at 20s. or more, and it is obvious that the profiteers will be out to exploit the public in the cheaper range.

For that reason I welcome the news that your officials will do all they can to ensure that the racketeers do not deprive children of toys that should be within the purchasing range of most parents.

And I welcome still more your appeal to the public to let you know when and where the ramps go on. Your men are too few in numbers to supervise adequately the thousands of shops selling toys. They must rely, to a large extent, on public co-operation.

I don't think that co-operation will be absent. Nothing angers a father or mother more than the exploitation of children; unless it be that high prices compel the kiddies to go toyless.

Good hunting!—**JOHN BULL.**

Mr. GEORGE HICKS, M.P.,
Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Works and Planning

DEAR MR. HICKS,—We men are learning. Only a few years ago we didn't worry much about house-planning, and our poor wives had to put up with any sort of man-built structures we had the temerity to call homes.

Now comes enlightenment. You admit that "the main thing about the house of the future will be its improved kitchen planning and equipment," and "there is no reason why we should not have kitchens and bathrooms and fittings in every home which will be a joy to behold and a pleasure to work in."

This attitude towards the kitchen is revolutionary. When I recall some of the kitchens I have seen, ill-equipped, small, dark, no cupboard space, no refrigerator, sometimes no hot water, I wonder anew at the tolerance and forbearance of the housewife.

If men had been destined to spend most of their time cooking, washing-up and washing clothes, they would have brought such energy and inventive genius to bear that kitchens would have been transformed into labour-saving, shining paradises.

And perhaps the fact that men, because of the exigencies of war, are spending more time in the kitchen, giving a hand to overworked wives, is one reason why the age of this peculiar enlightenment has dawned.—**JOHN BULL.**

NELSON RADCLIFF (Aged Twelve),
Ashurst, Sussex

DEAR NELSON,—It isn't often I address an Open Letter to one so young as you. But your record as "the hardest working lad in Sussex" is so grand that I must give you a word of praise.

You get up at 6 a.m., help to milk the cows before going to school, milk again when you come home, and then, until dusk, drive a tractor, or ditch, hedge, or do other work on the land.

"I simply had to do something with all the others helping the war effort," you say.

Many years ago another Nelson, Lord Nelson, helped to smash the tyranny of Napoleon.

You may not achieve such fame as came to him, but you have already gained local prestige as the boy who does more than his bit.

Your record is an example not only to boys and girls, but to men and women of Britain everywhere. Keep it up, my lad. I'm proud of you.—**JOHN BULL.**

DECLINE IN MANNERS

MORE than once since Germany began to lose the war of nerves, the Nazi propaganda machine has turned its full blast on the bad manners prevalent in the country.

We learned that the German housewife was becoming intolerant in queues; that there was unseemly jostling and scrambling on trains, tramcars and buses; and that it was essential to remember the value of good manners.

This, coming from the ill-mannered louts of Nazis, is funny. And yet Dr. Goebbels, shrewd psychologist that he is, knows full well the value of good manners in times of stress.

He knows the strain imposed to-day on the German home front. He realises that there is a limit to human fortitude; and that every irritation, however small, brings German morale nearer to the breaking point.

Happily we, in this country, are not beset by similar fears. We passed through the valley of the shadows more than three years ago, we emerged from the slough of despond a united, invigorated nation and began the long, arduous climb towards the peak of Victory.

So from the point of view of morale, manners don't matter so much here as they do in Germany. But deterioration in manners is deplorable just the same.

The other day four young women came into a crowded railway compartment. They were well dressed and, judging from their talk, they were going to London for a day out—lunch, a look at the shops, a cinema.

The only man who offered a seat—and I noticed that he yielded it to the most attractive woman—was an American soldier. The rest of us buried our noses more deeply in our newspapers and pretended not to notice.

I arranged my conscience by telling myself that the women were younger than I, that they had no business to travel for pleasure, and that it served them right. But my conscience would not be stilled.

Perhaps they were on holiday from a factory. Perhaps they were snatching a day's break from children and homes. Perhaps... But why go on?

I knew I was wrong.

Manners are bad. Look how people try to steal a foot or two in a bus queue. Look at the way women and girls are elbowed aside in scrambles for trams. And look at the rude, noisy demonstrations in streets of over-paid and under educated youths and girls.

Good manners are more than gestures. They are the outward expression of sympathetic and sentient hearts. Practise them.

ARGUE IT OUT
By Felix

THEY had an awkward customer in St. Thomas's Hospital, London, recently.

He insisted on using the ward as an office.

Forty letters a day would he read and answer personally when he was well enough.

And when he wasn't, which was often—for they operated on him eight times and pumped ten pints of other people's blood into him—he enticed the walking cases to his bedside to take his dictation.

The nurses sometimes warned him against overstrain, as nurses will.

At which he would deliver one of those bed-rattling roars of laughter for which he became famous in the wards, and say he'd been typing such letters for twenty-nine years, at one time at the rate of 25,000 a year.

So they let it go on.

They let it go on because old Dan Rider, the man who has led the fight against rent and eviction iniquities in two world wars and in between as well, would have died if they had stopped him.

And because only urgent letters were being sent to him in hospital, and every reply written or dictated from his sick-bed was calculated to save somebody's home.

They let it go on because nobody has yet learned the secret of stopping Dan Rider from going on.

You may not know that name of Dan Rider.

But Cabinet Ministers do. Every Cabinet Minister has known it since the day in 1915 when Dan emerged from comparative obscurity to bludgeon Parliament into passing the first Rent Act to control landlords who think that wars are sent to fill their pockets.

Red Pepper to Them

To some—a few Ministers of Health in particular—it has been as irritant as red pepper.

He has fought them on cruel rents, he has fought them on crueller evictions, he has fought them for the recovery of excess payments by tenants, he has fought their years of refusal to extend the protection he won for the poorest for their brothers a little better off.

To-day he is fighting their refusal to conscript the home as well as the man, therefore making it safe against all comers until he returns to it, which is the practice in most other countries at war.

And on many other grounds as well.

So when he came out of hospital the other day I went to his home to see him resume the fight.

Callers filled his front hall when I arrived, most of them the wives or mothers of men in the Services who have come to ask Dan to save their homes.

His desk was stacked high with letters. And in this atmosphere of work and with many interruptions—for although he charges them nothing he hates to keep them waiting—I persuaded him to tell me the story of how he became Tenants' Friend No. 1.

He took me back to the day the last world war broke out.

He was a Charing Cross Road book-seller then. But because he concentrated on supplying public libraries and the Government at once made those libraries cut their purchases, his trade died to nothing.

Threatened

He went home one day to find his wife in tears.

"The agent" had been round to tell all tenants what would happen if their rent wasn't forthcoming on quarter day, and she, poor soul, imagined it might not be.

To show his strength, this agent had told every tenant of a woman who had had the effrontery to plead that her husband had volunteered for the trenches and that she was expecting a baby.



He's had to write 25,000 letters a year!

★ Every Cabinet Minister since 1915 has known his name—but is it a household word to you? It should be, for Dan Rider has saved thousands of households from being broken up by grasping landlords, has worked for every change in the rent laws—and is still fighting for further reforms

★—By MAURICE FAGENCE—

"Agents and owners have got to find £300,000,000 within three months, or their houses will be going for two a penny at forced sale."

"Why, the Government couldn't raise money so quickly for War Loan."

Evans, whose sons were fighting in France, and who like many more landlords, didn't seek an extra penny piece for himself, joined in the fight.

And so, in 1915, the first Rent Act was born.

And Dan Rider decided it was not good enough.

It is impossible to follow him through all his war time fights as head of his own War Rents League.

Oh, no. There was no money in it for him. When he had sold the last stick of his furniture to help others he found friends to help him. "Mugs" they were called.

Soon the public began to realise that it wasn't protected unless it lived in the tiniest of tiny houses.

Soon began the racket of buying a house—often you had to do no more than hand a few pounds over to a building society—and then seeking possession on the grounds that you wanted it for yourself.

The law asked for alternative accommodation.

People who were to be dispossessed were led to the same old houses with leaky roofs or no roofs at all. They became famous among agents.

They refused them, of course. And because they refused alternative accommodation, they had to give up their homes.

Dan Rider fought for every meagre change that was grudgingly granted when the war was on.

And when it was over, he went on fighting.

Always a new Rent Act was an improvement on the last. But always the tricksters found loopholes in it. And always Dan bent to the task with new energy.

In 1918 they put him on Lord Hunter's Committee in connection with post-war working-class housing. There hasn't been a Government inquiry on housing or rents since that date in which Dan hasn't figured.

One of his biggest fights came when the bulk of the boys came home.

Families have a habit of growing and becoming a strain on whatever accommodation is available.

In the Workhouse

So thousands of these healthy, virile families found themselves turned out of their rooms on health grounds and flung into the workhouse.

Wives were torn from husbands, husbands from children. Furniture was stacked high in stables to rot.

So he started a Clear-the-Workhouses campaign.

It took five or more years to get some families out, for once you are behind the big walls you can neither hunt for jobs nor houses.

And now, missing a score of Dan Rider's intermediate successes, we come to to-day, with Dan still fighting.

Real protection for tenants has not yet come, he says.

But what is coming is the day when once again you will see fighting men's families taken to workhouses.

That is, unless we build, BUILD, B-U-I-L-D.

If it is going to take ten years to wait for brick, he says, then you can't wait for brick.

Dan Rider has had experience. He knows.

HUMAN SIDE OF RENT EVILS

"If people think war is going to make any difference to a landlord's rights," stormed this agent, "they are mistaken."

So Mrs. Dan Rider cried.

But Dan made a few inquiries.

He found the Courts Emergency Powers Act was on the way to forbid seizing a tenant's furniture or taking possession until an Order of Court had been obtained.

This was what the Government had to offer to men rushing to the Colours in their hundreds of thousands.

"Then," said Dan, "I went out one day and witnessed the eviction of a little home. I saw the bailiffs busy everywhere. People I knew came to me with distressing stories of what was happening to them."

"The Water Board was cutting off people's water and notifying the sanitary authority, who promptly told tenants that unless they were reconnected quickly they would be fined £40."

"In other words, the merry game had begun. So I went along to the House of Commons and played hell."

It Worked!

A famous sculptor came to Dan. They were going to turn him out for £60 arrears of rent.

Dan told him to see the landlord, tell him his usual charge for a bust was £350, and offer to execute one of his wife for the £60 rent.

The sculptor came back to say that the offer had been accepted, and he'd been given a cheque for £10 as well.

A painter followed. The landlord who wanted to turn him out had two daughters.

Dan told him to offer to paint the daughters and say that his usual charge for a portrait was £250.

He did, was excused arrears, and was given a year's free occupancy of his premises as well.

Dan's fame spread—among artists. They came flocking to see him from Chelsea, St. John's Wood, and everywhere artists flocked.

And his trick worked excellently, for landlords' wives and daughters can be very vain.

Then, one day, a little clerk arrived from Tooting, a man who couldn't paint or "sculpt" anyone, and Dan realised that this was going to be different.

Different in many ways, for this man's landlord had raised his rent—with the alternative of getting out. And the man was on half salary.

"Now," said Dan, "I realised in a flash that the legislation that had been passed

wasn't worth the paper it had been printed on."

Finding that 350 other local tenants had had the same demands made on them, Dan Rider became truly war-like.

"Get a local hall," he advised. "Ask your parson to take the chair. Invite the other tenants. And ask the landlord along. I shall be there."

He rang Hannen Swaffer, who had him interviewed.

"You are going to address that crowd," said Swaffer. "What you have given me as an interview is going to be your speech. I'm going to print it as your speech. Don't let me down."

Victory Meeting

He got to Tooting through the blackout. Long queues extended from the meeting hall. He had to fight his way in.

"No point in having the meeting," said the parson. "The landlord's given in."

"Make it a victory meeting then," said Dan.

Telling the story next day, Swaffer printed Dan's private address.

And the morning after a Royal Mail van arrived outside Dan Rider's house packed from end to end with letters from people whose homes were in danger.

The great fight was on. Dan, meanwhile, had seen the late John Burns in the street.

He had gone up to him with the case of this Tooting clerk.

"Rush down to the House of Commons and rub their noses in it," Burns had said.

Dan did so. And so, as a result, he was no longer without political support.

Landlords' Help

Soon he was able to enlist the aid of many decent landlords. It happened this way:

A hefty Camberwell working man came to him in tears. He had been asked to pay more rent—or leave.

Dan beat the landlord's agent in court and afterwards had a word with him.

"Landlords have got to raise rents," said the agent. "Behind most of them is a mortgagee who lent 95 per cent. of the money. And with the Government offering big interest for War Loan, most of them are insisting on higher rates of interest—or calling their money in."

So Dan saw Edwin Evans, president of the Property Owners' Association.

"Look at these papers," said Evans. "They are notices from mortgagees calling in their money."

★ Money from the generous public streams into the war charities' coffers—and more is badly needed. But HANNEN SWAFFER argues that maimed Servicemen and the relatives of the fallen should not have to rely on such help

NEVER have so few been cadged for by so many. That, frankly, is the way the phrase should read.

Did you hear the account, twice-repeated on the air, of the great religious service held in St. Paul's Cathedral to offer thanks for our heroic victory in the Battle of Britain?

It was fitting, no doubt, that the King and Queen should attend, that the Primate should preach, that gratitude should ascend to the heavens.

But what a mockery it seemed if you had read, in the papers that morning, an appeal for £25,000,000 for the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund—for money needed "to help those disabled while flying and the dependants of those killed, and to help our R.A.F. casualties and dependants."

"There are 25,000 cases on our books," declared Lord Riverdale, who asked for funds, "and they are still pouring in."

"We cannot allow men who have saved this country to walk about the streets without employment."

This means—in cold truth—that unless you and I send in pounds, silver or coppers, the surviving heroes who saved us will have to apply to public assistance for help! What an infamous scandal!

I read, in the cadging appeal, the moving words written in the last war by Laurence Binyon:

"Age will not weary, nor the years condemn;

"At the going down of the sun and in the morning,

"We will remember them."

Well, last time we managed to forget, despite the promise.

Now, once again—despite the promises of a New World and all that—youth has wearied them and the years condemned. For we have so far forgotten our national duty that we have left them at the mercy of cold charity!

I recall, with cynicism, the words of the Atlantic Charter: "That all the men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want."

What is the use of pledging this to the nations abroad if we leave, in "fear and want," the British heroes who, in 1940, saved all the world? The pledge does not seem to apply to our own maimed, our own war widows, our own war orphans!

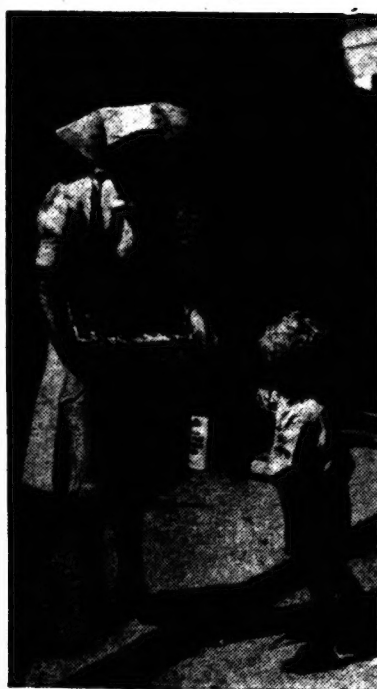
Why, not many weeks ago air cadets were sent round with boxes collecting for the R.A.F. Fund! Before they started to fly themselves they had a lesson in national ingratitude.

No wonder the Manchester Trades Council, only a fortnight ago, decided not to support the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund on the ground that "the needs of the men and their families are not a matter for charity, but the responsibility of the State."

Nor does this squealing for charity end with the R.A.F.

WHILE airborne troops were landing on the Salerno beaches, there was an advertisement asking for money for the Airborne Forces Security Fund.

"The question that worries the enemy is, Where will the Red Devils strike next?" it read. "We are waiting impatiently for the



It's in a good cause, of course. Yet surely the State's responsibility shouldn't be left to private charity!

Swaffer Calls It Infamous

next daring move of our airborne and parachute troops."

"Meanwhile, let us show how much we appreciate their valour and self-sacrifice by giving generously to their Security Fund so that each may know that if he should become a casualty his dependants will be well taken care of."

What an insult!

THEN there is the appeal headed "Commandos Calling!"—a plea for the Commandos' Benevolent Fund.

Two months ago, nearly four years after the outbreak of war, the chairman of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families' Association boasted: "We will look after the families of the serving men"—and Sir James Grigg, on behalf of the War Office, enthusiastically applauded!

There is charity everywhere. Nowhere is there justice!

They appeal for men of the Merchant Navy who have been torpedoed or afflicted with "convoy nerves"; for shipwrecked crews; for blitzed families; and for Navy men.

In addition to nine big war charities, all of whom make most dramatic appeals, there are sixty-five regiments of Infantry, each with its own fund, five regiments of Foot Guards, which combine their charity efforts, and twenty-five Cavalry regiments, each with a separate fund.

The representatives of no fewer than twenty-two war charities met in London last week to consider the presentation to the Home Secretary of a petition—that he should ban any more war charities

and take measures to prevent overlapping.

Cabinet Ministers, in delivering moving addresses on behalf of these institutions, admit the inadequacy of the State's provision for its disabled defenders and the dependants of the dead. But they do nothing to remedy it.

Now here we are hoping for a New World. How on earth can we deserve it, unless we insist that the first charge on our national Exchequer, when once current war expenditure is met, is adequate provision for those who died and suffered for our safety?

If we are ungrateful to them, we deserve nothing ourselves.

The funds I have mentioned, I am sure, are admirably run. Anyway, they are backed by men of the highest reputation.

BUT there are other funds, all part of a charity racket on which officials exist, and in expensive buildings that have to be maintained from the money received.

All this strikes deep at the root of the intricate problems now facing us. It means not social security for the British people who won the war, but the old insulting charity system—patronage, privilege, tuft-hunting, scrambling for titles, and all the old baloney.

Believe me, the troops are thinking otherwise. So is the Merchant Navy. So are the airmen. So are the workers who, in every industry, have carried on month after month.

They prove it by their support of another fund—that made by the Social Security League, which is trying to organise the backing of Sir William Beveridge in his noble attempt to assemble into one mighty force the nation's demand for the adoption of his Report.

Social security is the logical alternative to all this charity-mongering.

Believing that, even old-age pensioners are sending in shillings which they consider a good investment for their future.

Two privates serving in the Forces in England have each sent £5. A lieutenant-colonel at the headquarters of the Middle East Expeditionary Force sent on another fiver, made up of £1 from himself, £1 from a captain, £1 each from two fellow-colonels, and even £1 from the brigadier.

YES, the Government may try to dodge the Beveridge Report.

But in every constituency there are thousands and thousands of electors who sincerely believe that unless Sir William's schemes are adopted, they will have been cheated out of the first instalment of wholesale measures of amelioration that, in the hour of the nation's extremity, they were promised.

In 1940, if the people of Britain had asked for it, they could have had the whole country. Its owners would have given it to them freely, for there seemed no hope.

But 1940 recedes into the background of history. It is now only 1943—but already the pledges are forgotten.

And there are rising feelings of doubt, feelings of indignation. I share them.

TWO VITAL BOOKS

★ It wasn't only Pearl Harbour that shocked Americans into realisation that they couldn't live in a separate world of their own. Two best-selling books have convinced them of the need for alliance, both in war and peace, with Britain, Russia and China

By A. G. GARDINER

IF I were asked to name the most decisive victories in this war, I should say: the Battle of Britain, which stopped the rot and saved the world, the Battle of Stalingrad, which sealed the fate of the German war machine, the Battle of El Alamein, which saved Africa and won the Mediterranean, and—Pearl Harbour.

Yes, Pearl Harbour. Superficially, of course, Pearl Harbour was not a victory: it was a disaster. But in its consequence it was a major blow struck for the Allies.

It was a blow whose effect will not end with the war. It will shape the future history of the world.

Its importance cannot be measured by the fact that it brought the United States into the war. That in itself was decisive.

And it is probable that nothing less than Pearl Harbour would have done it. But for that terrific shock the United States would still have been only a benevolent neutral, mumbling its dry bone of "isolationism."

Nor can its importance be measured by the fact that the United States brought the entire continent of the Americas to our side, with the solitary and shameful exception of Argentina.

* * *

The real significance of Pearl Harbour is that it changed the whole outlook of the United States in a night—not in regard to the war only, but in regard to the peace that is to follow.

It made the repetition of the tragedy of 1920 impossible.

When America deserted the Peace of Versailles and washed her hands of the outside world, she ordained the second world war. She reverted to "isolationism," and left the whole burden of world reconstruction to fall on the British Commonwealth.

And, as General Smuts said to me at the time, "The British Commonwealth cannot carry that burden alone."

Pearl Harbour, like a flash of lightning, revealed to America that war is one and indivisible, that the modern world is one and indivisible, that peace is one and indivisible.

It killed isolationism stone dead. America could shut her eyes to Europe: she could not shut her eyes to Japan.

What made the difference? If we appreciate that, we shall understand why America

will not desert the peace she has won, and desert it because she dares not.

* *

The difference is that in 1914 the American doctrine was the Monroe Doctrine, its corollary, the Roosevelt Corollary, sustained by one fact—the British Navy.

Europe was the only danger could come to Britain held the empire together, that danger could be met. But for that protection Europe has been invaded by Germany.

Indeed, in 1902 we were in Kaiser's trap. He triumphed against Venezuela, prepared to attack us for a moment.

We were on the brink of the United States in the international arena.

Mercifully, we drew back from Kaiser's scheme for the Americas. America fell through. It was the British Fleet held the line in effect the guardian doctrine of isolationism.

Pearl Harbour changed the illusion of isolationism. The United States destroyed the illusion of isolationism. The United States could sit on the fence and watch the Atlantic rolled between the United States and the British Navy was the only power left.

* *

But the sudden shock of the night of 1941 shocked America into a new slumber. She awoke from the slumber of isolationism.

She was in peril when she could shield her. She was in peril when she could shield her.

Keeping

AN enemy fighter approached at port, sir!" exclaimed the look-out aboard the tanker bound for Malta and at once the gun-crew hurried to their posts.

* * *

But a strange thing happened. The German plane remained in the gun-range, and for some time continued to shadow the tanker ploughed through the Mediterranean towards the George Strait towards the George Strait. When it was seen that the German fighter had to leave, for her oil tankers have been nearly empty, and she appeared on the scene and over.

"There's something funny about here," the skipper remarked. "Still, let's hold our fire."

He was a wise man, for the day German fighter relieving one another. The nightfall the look-out reported the approach of an Axis convoy, escorted by Italian destroyers and armed trawlers.

The skipper, taking a

VITAL BOOKS

will not desert the peace again. She will not desert it because she dare not.

* * *

The difference is this. For a hundred years the American doctrine of isolation and its corollary, the Monroe Doctrine, have been sustained by one fact—the existence of the British Navy.

Europe was the only quarter from which danger could come to America, and while Britain held the empire of the seas unchallenged, that danger could not materialise. But for that protection South America would have been invaded by Germany fifty years ago.

Indeed, in 1902 we nearly fell into the Kaiser's trap. He trumped up a grievance against Venezuela, prepared to invade it, and tricked us for a moment into supporting his case.

We were on the brink of war with the United States in the interests of Germany.

Mercifully, we drew back in time, and the Kaiser's scheme for the conquest of South America fell through. It fell through because the British Fleet held the Atlantic, and was in effect the guardian of the American doctrine of isolation.

Pearl Harbour changed all that. It destroyed the illusion of isolation. While the war was confined to Europe the United States could sit on the fence and nurse her illusion. The Atlantic rolled between her and danger, and the British Navy was in possession.

* * *

But the sudden stab on that December night of 1941 shocked America out of her slumber. She awoke from her illusion to the terrific realities of her position.

She was in peril where no British Navy could shield her. She was thrown desperately



Wendell Willkie saw things for himself when he came to Britain and went on to a whirlwind tour of the globe

on her own resources. She made the discovery—which the last war had not taught her—that the world is one. She could not live to herself alone.

She must help to save the world if she was to save herself. It was not the existence of someone else that was at stake as in the last war. It was her own existence.

That was the lesson which makes Pearl Harbour one of the decisive victories of the war. It has changed the whole attitude of America to the peace that must follow. There will be no flight from the peace this time.

The assurance comes in many shapes. By an overwhelming vote—360 to 29—the House of Representatives has endorsed the Fulbright resolution pledging the United States to full participation in the maintenance of peace.

True, the Senate has refused to accept the resolution. But it is going to draft its own recommendations on post-war co-operation and the maintenance of peace. Co-operation, you note.

* * *

But a greater power than Congress—a power that governs Congress—is moving with impressive momentum to the conclusion that America must not, dare not, repeat the tragedy of 1920.

It is the power of public opinion.

The iron of Pearl Harbour has entered into the soul of America and is hardening its purpose. Two books have stamped the mind

of the country in a manner unprecedented since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" performed its miracle.

In one of them ("U.S. Foreign Policy") Mr. Walter Lippmann has, with ruthless realism, laid bare the skeleton in the American cupboard. His country, he says, has lived on illusions.

It has sheltered behind the British Navy. It is bankrupt of foreign policy. It has divorced itself from the world of which it is a part and by which it lives. It has made vast commitments without providing adequate defence to safeguard them.

If it is to be saved from the destruction it has wantonly invited, it must reverse its engines.

IT MUST FRANKLY COME INTO ALLIANCE WITH BRITAIN, WITH RUSSIA, AND EVENTUALLY WITH CHINA. IT MUST NOT DELAY. IT MUST DO THIS NOW WHILE THE IRON IS HOT AND THE NEED IMPERIOUS.

And the other book which has sold 2,000,000 copies in America—think of it!—is no less sweeping and urgent. It is Wendell Willkie's plea for "One World," based on his whirlwind tour of the globe.

It is an impassioned appeal to America to join in creating "a world in which there shall be an equality of opportunity for every race and every nation."

* * *

The significance of this book lies, of course, partly in its authorship. Mr. Willkie is the titular leader of the Republican Party, and if he is chosen to run against Mr. Roosevelt at the presidential election next year, it means that the Fulbright formula, "Full participation in the maintenance of peace," will have the field to itself.

No other policy will even be considered. The case will be much the same should Governor Dewey, and not Mr. Willkie, be chosen as the Republican candidate.

For Mr. Dewey has just confessed that Mr. Lippmann's book has converted him to the necessity of a military alliance with Britain as the basis of the peace.

These things show how powerfully the current of opinion is flowing in America. And the fact that Mr. Cordell Hull himself is going to the Conference of Foreign Ministers in Moscow (or London), at which the peace will be the chief preoccupation, indicates how deeply America is already committed to the creation of that "One World" that Mr. Willkie has foreshadowed.

Yes, Pearl Harbour was not a disaster. It may well prove to have been the most beneficent event of the war.

Keeping Our Wings Over Germany

AN enemy fighter approaching at port, sir!" exclaimed the look-out aboard a tanker bound for Malta—and at once the gun-crew hurried to their posts.

* * *

But a strange thing happened. The German plane remained out of gun-range, and for some time continued to shadow the tanker as she ploughed through the Mediterranean towards the George Cross Island of Malta. When it seemed that the German fighter would have to leave, for her oil tanks must have been nearly empty, another appeared on the scene and took over.

"There's something funny going on here," the skipper remarked. "Still, let's hold our fire."

He was a wise man, for throughout the day German fighters kept relieving one another. Towards nightfall the look-out reported the approach of an Axis convoy, strongly protected by Italian destroyers and armed trawlers.

The skipper, taking a terrific

chance, ordered full speed and passed clean through the centre of the Axis convoy without a shot being fired!

Throughout the night a German fighter hovered overhead.

At dawn, however, a Spitfire appeared in the area, and a dog-fight developed between this and the Hun, with the result that the German was shot down into the sea. The tankermen raised a cheer—a cheer that was quickly changed to a shout of dismay when the Spit. began to dive towards them in the belief that they were attached to the Axis camp.

Only a frantic message, flashed by the "Sparks," made the pilot hold his fire, and he escorted them to the nearest port.

* * *

A few days later, when investigations were carried out in Malta, it was discovered that the German fighters believed they were protecting an Italian tanker that should have been on the same course as the British vessel. The mistake was

due to the Royal Navy capturing the Italian ship!

The German high Command appreciates how much the R.A.F. and U.S. Army Air Corps rely upon tankers. To sink or seriously damage one of them means that the German war machine will have fewer bombers visiting it for further destruction.

* * *

I know one tanker that has sailed over 200,000 miles since the outbreak of war. She has been attacked with torpedoes and bombs and even run aground. But her gallant skipper, when I asked him about his adventures, just grinned: "Adventures? We've had no real adventures!" Another tanker skipper, who had seen the bows of his command blown off on three occasions, said the same thing.

It's a way they have in the Merchant Navy.

All they ask is that not one drop of the precious fuel should be wasted on unnecessary taxi or "Hackney Carriage" rides.

JOHN ALLEN GRAYDON.



Nicko could have split Wally's head open with a poker and enjoyed it: Wally would have enjoyed sticking a knife into Nicko

★ Wally's quarrel with Nicko was fanned to the fury of a vendetta by local gossips. The old men planned melodramatic ways of killing each other. Then 'flu came to the shoreside village. The enemies, weak and feverish, saw much good in each other—but that was not the end of the story

THE neighbours helped. Neighbours always do. A word here, a word there; they all add up.

"Heard wot ol' Nicko said about you down at pub lars' night?" Or: "Wot be matter 'twixt Wally an' you? 'E warn't 'arf creatin' t'other mornin' I seen 'im down in Dubbins's Store."

With a little bit of help from the baker's man, who did a round starting at Top Village, where Nicko lived, and ending at Bottom Village by the shore, where Wally made what he called a living with two or three lobster-pots and a net.

Until in the end Nicko could have split Wally's head open with a poker and sat down and laughed, and Wally could have taken a knife to Nicko and liked it. Everybody reckoned the rocket was due to go up.

Not a soul in the place knew how it had started. A girl and a business deal (over a rabbit) had made it worse. Nicko had got the girl and Wally had got the business. But that was only fanning a fire which was already well away. Years before that had been the beginning, if there had been a beginning. School? Yes, before school.

The east wind caused it, maybe; the east wind that never stops blowing, night or day, Spring or Fall, across that flat land beside the North Sea.

Whatever the start, the end was in sight, and mothers kept their youngest indoors in case they should see what was coming.

"I'll do for him, you'll see," said both Wally and Nicko, and at last their pals thought it wiser to take them for walks where they couldn't meet.

But it was all like when the clouds turn a flat blue-grey and the leaves on the poplars begin to show their under sides.

"He'll murder 'im," said many, meaning Wally.

"He'll do 'im in," said the rest, meaning Nicko.

And then some kind neighbour said the very last word, and the storm was down before you could turn up your collar.

NICKO got a stake from the shed at the back; a beauty of a stake, three feet long and as thick as your arm; and then he set out for fun. He set out to put an end to the nonsense and bash Wally's head in and leave him in a dyke.

What happened after that he didn't care. But Wally had to have his head bashed in.

Nicko went down to Bottom Village, but Wally didn't seem to be about. The net was high and dry, the lobster-pots were deserted. Nicko called in at the pub, then climbed the wood path to the church. But there was no sign of Wally. "Keepin' out o' my way," thought Nicko.

It was sundown, and a hot night coming. Nicko stood at a gate looking down at the distant sea, and took off his hat and mopped his dripping brow.

"Never been so 'ot," he said, and he gave himself five minutes to cool down. But at the end of the five minutes, though he had not stirred, he was hotter than ever.

Then the sea seemed to come near with a rush, go away and come back again. And when Nicko tried to straighten up from the gate his back wouldn't work.

"Funny," thought Nicko, "Somethin' up."

His first idea was that by some under-hand means Wally had managed to poison his tea. But it couldn't be that. Then what was it?

Touching the backs of his hands was like picking up a live cinder and his legs seemed suddenly cut out of paper; flat things, the shape of legs but no use. For the first time in his life Nicko was actually frightened.

He decided to call Wally off, for that night at least. He crept back home and threw the stake into a nettle-bed. He had a whisky, hot, and went to bed.



All night he lay in a furnace, quite still, staring at the saggy ceiling, wondering. He had never known fear before, but it was all over him. He felt like he was oozing away from his body.

The next day the doctor was sent for and said it was the 'flu. Nicko had never had the 'flu before. Everybody else had had the 'flu, but never Nicko. The doctor shook his head and wouldn't commit himself. You could tell it was pretty serious by the doctor's face. Nicko grew hotter.

Thoughts got locked together in his head and wouldn't get into order. Things like: "Fortnight come blackberries candle-light how the dogs howl Coronation day."

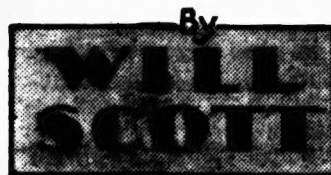
It terrified Nicko. He guessed he would have to go mad before he died.

The doctor came three times in one day and said nothing at all. Nothing to Nicko, at all events.

His hands felt icy cold, though he knew they were burning hot.

He began to think about the life he had led. That life the last significant thing of which was the casting of a stake into a nettle-bed.

And Wally. . . . And how many a man liked Wally. . . .



HUMAN MACHINE LAUGH INSTEAD OF SNARL!

● When an individual is obstinate and sullen and unyielding you have all the ingredients for unpleasantness. When a nation is so characterised, you have all the ingredients for international tragedy.

Look around you. See what Germany has done to the peace of Europe, not once, but many times. This is what the wife of a diplomat said of them during the Garibaldi riots many years ago: "The North German, as I discovered later, is a fearsome creature, a moral 'cave man,' who was never meant to mingle with fellow-beings of a more elastic build."

It is this elasticity—or lack of it—that is so important in indi-

viduals, just as it is so important for nations.

To give and take, to see the other point of view, to be able to take a rebuff with a smile instead of a snarl, to be able to smile at misfortune instead of venting our baffled rage on some other and probably quite innocent person—these are some of the things that are meant by that phrase "elasticity of mind."

And there is one golden rule you must never forget. Whatever goes wrong make quite sure that it isn't due to your own stupidity before you look round for someone else to blame. It so often is, that any other alternative is hardly worth a thought.

When Feudists The 'Flu

Everything seemed different with death wiping its feet on the mat outside. Nicko wished he hadn't left it too late to make a bargain.

Dogs liked Wally. Kids liked Wally. More than one woman. How had he gone wrong?

He remembered Wally at Easter sing-songs, jolly as they're made. Wally, the life and soul of many a Christmas Eve at the pub.

Popular Wally. . . . And he had been going to bash his head in.

Nicko, for the first time since he was five, began to cry. In no doubt that he was not going to last the night, he wanted to stand Wally one at the pub, or pay him double for a lobster.

"If I could get over this," he thought "I'd make it up to old Wally."

Wasted life. Too quick-tempered, that's what it's always been with me. Could have been pals.

And in that second night of burning fever he could see in Wally one of the most shining souls that ever tarried on earth.

"If I do get over it," he swore, "I'll make it up. Good old Wal. . . ."

He wondered if Wally could by any means know what he was thinking; if Wally, himself full of forgiveness, would come, perhaps flowers in hand, to his funeral in the hilly churchyard.

At which he wept again. The next day the doctor said just three words, and on the day after that he actually talked.

He said that Nicko would have to go away and stay away for at least a month.

"Do you mean," said Nicko, "that I'm going to get better?"

"You've had the nearest shave I've ever known," said the doctor.

From that day Nicko began to mend, and take an interest in things, and wonder.

Funny, he thought, that Wally had never been near to ask about him. He must have known what he, Nicko, had been feeling. It had been so real. It must have gone out of him and reached Wally somehow.

And a day or two later, when he was sitting up, he thought it was rather mean of Wally; and then that it was only what you could expect. Wally had always been for himself.

He forgot Wally at the Easter sing-songs, the life and soul of many a Christmas Eve at the pub. He realised that his fever had been making things up. Wally was the same old Wally, always had been, always would be.

The day came when the doctor pronounced Nicko "all right."

"The 'flu is quite gone," he said. But he warned Nicko afresh that he'd have to go away for at least a month and take things easily for a long time.

That afternoon Nicko sat in the sunlight in his little porch.

"I must 'ave been a very sick man," he mused. "Seen' the best side of a skunk like Wally. Brain must have been goin' a bit queer. Ha!"

He rose and walked a little way down the path. With his foot he kicked the stake out of its hiding-place in the nettle-bed. He stooped and picked it up.

"Must 'ave been goin' mad. Well, I'm sane enough now. Normal. . . ."

He balanced the stake in his hand. "Get about again in a day or two," he muttered. "Bash 'is blasted 'ead in'."

The gate creaked and he looked up. It was the fat-faced postman.

"Afternoon, Nicko," said the fat-faced postman. "Better?"

"Ah," said Nicko.

"Letter for yer," said the fat-faced postman. "You lookin' pretty seedy."

"Ah," said Nicko.

Get

★ *Patrolling the Bay of Bengal, a Wellington burst into flames: her survivors, crammed into a dinghy, drifted through days of blazing heat and furious rain to a minute dot on the map, but it was land and there was a friendly Indian farmer to help*

SIX R.A.F. men were in the Wellington as she patrolled over the Bay of Bengal. It was a cloudless day, with visibility horizon-wide, but so far no Jap had shown up, and the Captain of the aircraft, Sergeant Alex Gee, of Nottingham, was restless. This was where he had to turn on the long run for home.

Mass of Flame

He lowered his glasses and flicked the switch of the intercom under his nose to talk to his navigator—and at that moment it happened. With a crack like thunder the port engine became a white-hot mass of flame.

Before anyone in the aircraft had time to move, a tank exploded and flame and clouds of black smoke took possession of the port wing. The Wellington dived into the sea.

The five survivors were badly shaken, four were burnt by the blazing oil through which they had swum.

Besides the Captain, Alex Gee, there were in the circular inflated dinghy: Sergeant Tenneson, of Palmers Green; F/O Robert Jones, of Morden; Sergeant Baldry, of Suffolk; and a Canadian Flight-Sergeant from Montreal.

"With favourable winds and current," Jones decided, "it will be fourteen days to the nearest Allied Territory. . ."

The Captain looked round, catching eyes, one by one. "Okay, boys," he said. "We'll make it."

On the fourth day, Jones, the navigator, gave up trying to steer the dinghy. "We'll have to let her drift," he said. "It's hopeless."

"How's it taking us?" asked Alex Gee.

"The right direction, and the wind's fair."

Gee said nothing. He knew that the provisions couldn't be made to stretch for more than half the time. "Some of you chaps better try to fish," he said.

Scorching Days

In four days they caught nothing, but it gave them something to do under the monotony of those empty skies in the glare of the tropical sun.

The fourth and fifth days brought heavy showers and the men drank till it hurt, baling furiously in the intervals. The sixth day Gee showed signs of great lassitude. They thought he was dying. Tenneson's burns were in bad shape.

Day after day of empty blue skies. Then, with sundown, Sergeant Tenneson saw it. An aircraft on the search.

They stood and waved the shirt roped to an oar. They kept waving, but one by one they sank back into the bottom of the dinghy as the aircraft held on to its course, showing her tail fin as she grew smaller and smaller.



Almost too weak to move, they managed to stalk the mysterious sniper

Five Men Adrift in a Rubber Dinghy

Only the Canadian with the oar remained—then suddenly the aircraft changed course.

"She's heading for us!" the Canadian shouted. "She's coming. . ."

The aircraft flew low. She circled. The crew up there could be seen waving.

Then the rain came down in a black torrent, and they had to bale for their lives. The cloudburst blacked out the area, and when night fell it made little difference.

"They'll never find us now," Gee managed hoarsely.

Flying Officer Jones recognised that it was more a note of hope than a statement. But he could not temporise. "The wind has changed our drift. It'll be a shot in a thousand if they pick us up again in the morning."

The seventh day broke clear. There came no sign of searching aircraft. Each man knew the end was near.

Gee raised himself, looking from one to the other. They ate up what they had.

They were still chewing when Tenneson again spotted an aircraft.

Too Weak to Care

The aircraft then wagged its wings to attract attention, and flying over the wave-tops made three runs almost due north. When it finally turned back the crew could be seen jerking the arms in that direction.

"That's our course," Jones said. "Land pretty close."

With the oars and a rag of sail they tried to make the course. Two more aircraft came over, but before they could establish contact the rain came down once more, making visibility nil.

That night the five men lay entangled in the bottom of the dinghy too weak to try to steer. Too weak to care. In the morning, by some trick of fate, Tenneson found that the little craft was lying just off shore. The place looked like an island, and later they discovered that it was a small island of the cluster of specks in the Sunderbunds—a chance in a million.

The dinghy lay rocking in the swell not more than half a mile from the surf breaking on the coast of this desert

island, but no one was strong enough to try to row the craft inshore.

The set of the tide began to carry the dinghy out to sea, but before long a big transport plane swept overhead, dropping parachute parcels. One of these fell in the dinghy and two of them close enough to be hooked. The survivors feasted themselves on dates, bananas, chocolate, raisins, and a semi-liquid drink made of rum and raw eggs.

An Indian Friend

It was this last that put heart into them. They beached the dinghy at two in the afternoon on the inflow of the tide.

Alex Gee was helped ashore. He and Baldry were too weak to move. Shelter was made for them under the palm trees and they were left to rest. The other three trekked inland to explore.

It was clear that they were being sniped from a thicket lying to the East. Tenneson decided to stalk the thicket. It took him the best part of an hour's crawling, beset by mosquitoes and scorched by the sun, but at length he saw the man who was keeping up an intermittent fire.

Tenneson was burnt about the arms and he was weak, but he gathered enough strength to tell the man with a log, and turning him over discovered that it was no Japanese soldier but an Indian farmer.

He disarmed the farmer and signed to the others. The Indian was unconscious but he came to. He was amazed to hear English spoken. The man had thought they were Japs, but now, forgetting his bleeding head, he guided the three to his farm and gave them goat's milk and curds.

In a bullock cart he fetched Alex Gee and Baldry and the bulk of the provisions dropped by the transport.

Next morning the Indian took the three who could walk to a ferry-boat on the other side of the island, and they eventually made contact with their rescuers in the air.

A seaplane carried Sergt. Alex Gee and Sergt. Baldry back to an Indian base hospital.

The other three are back on operational duty, none the worse for their eleven days in the Bay of Bengal.

B. L. JACOT.

"Lot of 'flu about," said the postman. "Ah," said Nicko.

The fat-faced postman handed him one letter. Then the gate creaked again and Nicko was alone. Tucking the stake under his arm, he made his way slowly back to the porch, sat down and opened the letter.

It wasn't once in a blue moon that Nicko ever got a letter from anybody. He wondered who it could be from. He turned it over and looked at the back.

It was signed "Wally."

"Ah!" said Nicko. "Gor!"

He read the letter. It took a bit of reading, because Wally was no writer. But Nicko made it out in time.

Wally had been thinking. They were nearer the ends of their lives than the beginnings. All along they had been enemies. It seemed such a waste.

Wally wasn't blaming Nicko. Maybe it was all his own fault. He couldn't think what had happened. He got on easy enough with most people. It beat him to think what the row was about.

But he'd been thinking. He was willing to take all the blame. Couldn't they make it up? It was better being friends than enemies. Couldn't they be friends and let bygones be bygones?

Anyway, he was sorry for anything he'd done to cause the trouble.

"Yours friendly, Wally."

It was a long time before Nicko's head would sort it all out. Then suddenly he was ashamed of himself.

"Too quick-tempered, that's what it's always been with me," he reminded himself.

And when he saw the stake still tucked under his arm:

"Go away, said the doctor. And I will. And stay away. London or somewhere. I'm not fit to be loose here."

AND, flushed with the growing shame, he cast the stake once more into its nettle-bed.

The next day Nicko, without a word to anybody, went away. It was understood that he was going away to recover from the effects of his illness. But Nicko knew himself at last.

He never came back to the coast.

Three days later the doctor pronounced Wally "all right."

"Look after yourself and you'll be better in no time," he said. "The 'flu's quite gone."

Wally, frowning, walked along the beach to his shabby little hut near the net and the lobster-pots.

"Must have been pretty bad," he told himself. "Fancy gettin' soft about a swine like Nicko."

From the back of the shed he pulled out a knife and stood grinning at it in the sunlight.

"To-night," he whispered, "I'll take a walk up to Top Village and cut his guts out!"

SELLING WITH A SMILE

IN a London shop window recently I saw a sign with the words: "Register with us—the cheerful butchers."

That's an idea and I'd like it to grow. And why not?

Shopping, from the little I've seen of it, is a grim business.

A woman goes into a store and asks for a yard of something. They show her a yard of something and she shakes her head. They show her other yards of other things and she shakes her head some more.

You could be pretty sure that what she doesn't want is a yard of something.

On the other side of the counter it's just

the same. If you ask your butcher for a pound of sausages, he always repeats your question with his eyebrows up in the air. As if to say:

"A pound of sausages? Do you mean you want to buy a pound of sausages?"

It seems to me that half the dismal people on this earth are behind counters, trying not to sell anything. And the other half are in front of the counter, trying not to buy anything.

I hope that cheerful butcher gets on. If I lived in his suburb I would register with him, just because of the sign in his window.

A. G.

their Trade Makes them Unfit

M challenges the Pensions Minister on a vital point at issue: May, 1914, at the age of 14, a normal, healthy youngster went as apprentice. In December, ship was destroyed by enemy the survivors spending many days at sea during bitter cold weather. Months later he was back at sea, in supply and transport ships; 1918, the boy—still "paid" as ace but acting as third mate—died by fumes and suffered a double.

Months later the entire crew was by poisoning; no available medication, they were dosed by the with normal dollops of Black!

erving as third mate, the young- collapsed in August, 1920, was home, sent to a tubercular and started on a period of eight special treatment. Now he should be holding extra- ticket, have a reasonably good be within sight of a pension. trying to live on a few shillings he writes FORUM: "I shan't d bones, but for God's sake don't folk know. I don't want you to r me so much as for hundreds of ammen who have been and will be as shabbily, or worse!"

about it, officers' and men's union ves? ink the doctors' statements are a eeping." That's what a Shipping ion official said in reply to recent published in the *British Medical*, to the effect that unfit men are ent to sea.

une 23, 1943, FORUM received an from a ship's fireman; since 1939 suffered grievously from stomach , but had never quit his job. d in June, he was later certified ag from hyperchloridic condition odentitis, and strict dieting was ended. FORUM took matters in had him released from his ship, rred to the Reserve Pool; to-day, ack home, receiving proper atten-

out fear of contradiction, FORUM this challenging statement:

majority of men on coastwise es are chronic dyspeptics, serving ships which have little or no real ison for storing and cooking . National Health records prove in regard to chest complaints rheumatism these men suffer in er proportion than any other e in Great Britain.

at say you, you shipowners who already blueprinted your post-war ?

WHAT'S IN A BONE!

IBLY no other form of waste gives many different products as a Waste paper becomes new paper, metal is converted into fresh—but an old bone does not become one.

ead, it is separated first into , which yields lubricating oil, ine and soap; next into glue and e, and finally the residue is d down to make valuable fertiliser nimal feed.

ones are dried on top of the stove the oven after cooking is finished will remain sweet almost indefi- This is the best way to preserve for the salvage collector.

★ If you are in doubt or dismay, send your problem to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

A YOUNG woman is worried about her friend, and as the same problem is occurring in many other places, it needs to be faced as a war time subject.

Since 1939, she writes, we have had soldiers stationed near by, which has naturally livened up our little village. Being young, we got into conversation with them and this led to "dates."

But my friend always seemed to pick on the wrong kind of fellow—almost invariably they turned out to be married men with families.

For three years she had experiences of that sort, one after another. The last one put the "tin-hat" on things. The man asked her to marry him, but one of the lads in the unit, realising what a decent girl she was, told her that he was already married.

Since that day she has no faith in men at all. She flirts with anyone, flitting from one affair to another.

The trouble is that some of the men have been genuinely in love with her, but she won't believe them. Bitterness has got hold of her.

A thoroughly nice, single lad is keen on her, but she is nasty and suspicious and their friendship has gone "bust."

Now she tells me she has stuck to her high ideals long enough and that if I don't approve I needn't have any more to do with her. She says she will quite understand and doesn't want to compromise me.

She wouldn't behave as she is doing if she wasn't miserable at heart. What can be done to help her?

I imagine that in villages up and down the country there are many parallel cases, when a decent and unsuspecting girl is deceived by a man, per-

SHE'S ATTRACTED TO THE MARRIED SOLDIER

haps by several men in succession, one of two things happen to her.

Either she decides to have nothing more to do with men for the rest of her life or she sacrifices all her high principles and runs wild. It is hard to say which is worse.

Of course, it is absurd to argue that because two or three men behave rottenly, therefore the whole male sex is tarred with the same brush, and it is exasperating to find a good lad being treated as if he were a scamp.

I think the girl in question must have been exceptionally innocent to be taken in so often. I know from innumerable letters that the nicest girl often gets into trouble, and in many cases the parents are responsible for keeping silent on an all-important subject.

I advise the writer of the letter to risk giving offence and to have a heart-to-heart talk with her friend. It would be far more effective than sermons from a pulpit.

NOW for a lighter subject. Readers may remember that a long time ago—last May to be precise—I printed letters from several girls about their ideal man. Copies of JOHN BULL travel about the world, and this particular issue reached our troops in Africa at the end of August!

An echo of the argument comes in an amusing letter signed by a Warrant Officer, a Staff Sergeant, a Sergeant, a Corporal, and a Private.

As we read it, say the writers, the ideal man must be a mixture of (a) Sir Galahad; (b) George Washington; (c) a Robot; but only the best qualities of each must prevail. . . .

He must not be a heavy smoker or drinker, and he must be a real "pal." He must "appreciate her"—meaning, we take it, that she must have continual praise and thanks for being good enough to do her share in the weird partnership.

We agree that her man should be free from such masculine vices as tooth-picking, scratching, throat cleaning, and telling blue stories; but we do not agree that he should not have a "roving eye."

A man has a right to retain that since a beautiful woman is always worth a glance.

We are a mixture of married and unmarried men, and we make the following statement about ourselves:

(1) We want wives—not "pals" (ghastly word!).

(2) We smoke more than twenty cigarettes a day.

(3) We have been in the Army too long to appreciate week-ends spent in camping.

(4) We'll get along without her very well.

There are two points in the letter which call for comment. So many women write angry letters because their husbands have a "roving eye," but here are five typical men who claim it as a



Scarlett O'Hara, in "Gone with the Wind," wasn't the only woman to be attracted to more than one

right. That is something new for correspondents.

If a woman is beautiful a man hardly help a glance of admiration is a normal masculine reaction. No way of preventing it except by wearing blinkers or following the practice of ignoring the other sex. The other is probably due to misunderstanding. When a girl wants a "pal" she does not desire to her wifely duties. She means to does not wish her whole life to be restricted to domestic responsibilities.

She wants to share her husband's side interests—his business problems, his friends, his hobbies. In other words, she wants to be so much more than cook-housekeeper mother-and-sleeping partner.

Perhaps the word "pal" is the mate. What is wrong with the n- gested in the second chapter of

VOICE OF THE

TROOP

letter to his father at Malton Street, Pitsmoor, Sheffield:

I got back to camp yesterday after seven days' leave, which I spent on a houseboat on the Nile. A perfect holiday. Plenty of rowing and swimming in the river, and I saw two good cricket matches.

The food and accommodation were perfect—and each morning at seven o'clock we had a nice cup of tea in bed! That's the life, that was!

PORK FOR DINNER

"Noises off" in the wilds of India can be disturbing, to judge by a letter from L./Bdr. G. Yeomans to his wife at Norman Street, Leicester:

This country is a strange place for strange noises in the night, and every noise of the unusual sort has to be reported and investigated.

It is a nuisance when a sentry comes into the tent at three in the morning and asks you to come out and find what is going on in the blackness outside.

Last night there was no need for the sentry to wake us. It was a pitch black night, and out of the darkness came the sound of bumps, crashes and the sound of charging feet, followed by growls, snortings and grunting.

We scrambled out of bed and loaded our rifles. Then, as we collected our wits, there was an angry roar; something charged our tent, and over it went, with us in it.

When we got clear and our eyes grew accustomed to the dark we saw dimly an animal charging about like mad—it was a wild boar in a very bad temper.

I did not take the bull by the horns or the wild boar by his tusks, but raised my rifle and fired. It was a painless death for our unwanted and bad-



No dream—just a houseboat on the Nile!

mannered visitor. So we rigged up the tent and went back to bed. We had pork for dinner next day!

THE BEST OF FRIENDS

After hard fighting our troops have quiet spells, when they make friends with children in occupied territory. Pte. H. Brown, B.N.A.F., writes to a friend at Loxford Avenue, East Ham, London.

The campaign having ended, we now have a little time to look round and enjoy ourselves. We are a great success with the local children, who quickly make friends with our lads.

Yesterday I picked up a curly headed boy and took him for a short ride in our truck. He was sorry at the journey's end; I think he would have been content to go anywhere with us. Funny how quickly you form attachments to these

right-eyed youngsters, who have such a terrible time.

AND WHAT STYLE!

Letters still arrive telling of Tunis campaign and its triumphant conclusion. L./Cpl. E. Strickland, Guards Motor Brigade, Eighth Army, writes to his family at Derwent, Starchley, Birmingham:

You will have heard all the news. The Eighth Army once again excelled in doing a lightning dash, smashing the enemy in true Eighth Army style.

The follow-through was terrific and the Italians were retreating so fast that we had our work cut out for us with them.

Things were very hectic, and never in one place more than 24 hours—we were always pushing thousands of prisoners and quantities of stores.

We hardly had time for meals but it was worth it. We gave the chance to make a "Dunkirk."

IT MADE HIM HO

Mail from home may be so Ceylon, but snakes are plenty. AC.1 T. Newton, serving with R.A.F. in Ceylon, writes to his father at Highfield Road, Amersbury, Berkshire:

I had the fright of my life at yesterday, when I nearly trod on a snake about 5 ft. long. When its head moved and its fangs were like lightning, I froze in my tracks one foot off the ground.

The snake raised its head and slithered backwards and forwards as if it were struck, so I decided not to hop it.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

JOHNSON CAN'T HELP MAKING MONEY

THE impudence of some people is almost boundless. And for sheer, unabashed cheek I must give the palm this week to Mr. Harold Johnson, of "Red Roofs," Riverside, Bourne End, near Maidenhead, Bucks.

Rarely have I come across a man imbued with more barefaced effrontery. Johnson pretends he is something big in the sporting world. Actually, his association with it brings "The Sport of Kings" nothing but discredit. Before me lies a bulky file containing notes about his long career.

A Durham reader wrote to me recently asking for advice about one of his latest propositions. It gave me much satisfaction to tell him to have nothing to do with it.

Now, following my investigations, it gives me even greater pleasure to advise everyone, in cold print, to give Harold Johnson's schemes the widest possible berth.

He has been sending out letters, marked "Strictly Private," telling people that "the boom is now here." Maybe there is a racing boom here, but if I know Johnson it will affect him more than any of his clients.

He says he has been very ill, and suggests that this has affected the interests of clients, who otherwise would have benefited by golden advice he was unable to give while under the doctor.

He is now posing as a semi-retired professional backer in ill-health, with a few genuine clients who trust him implicitly, and who are "rich with the secret method I have used for twenty years." He is willing to include you in his exclusive list of successful clients.

He has been a racing charlatan for years.

He has run numerous flat-catching schemes which have brought disaster to many who trusted him.

The last time JOHN BULL dealt with him publicly he was concerned with the running of a lottery which was stated to be held to raise funds for a certain trade union.

It fizzled out after the comments that were made in these columns.

"BEHIND THE LINES"

Until inquiries were made, he was not definitely identified with the scheme's management. When I made it my business to interview personally one of the men whose names figured on the literature, he admitted to me that Johnson was acting as "The Adviser."

Later I found out that Johnson had personally made himself responsible for some of the lottery's preliminary expenses; and that his house at Bourne End was being used for the receipt of letters.

This was by no means the first occasion he has preferred to keep himself "behind the lines."

Lots of enterprises in which Johnson has had an advising (and mercenary) hand have brought him notoriety.

He caused the *Daily Express* considerable annoyance once by a ramp he ran called the *Daily Express Sports Corporation*. Large numbers of people, who believed that Johnson by his clever schemes could make small fortunes for them, lost their money.

He has operated under such high-sounding names as "The Hyde Park Press," "The British Sports Combine," "The Express Daily Sports Association," "The National Football Association," "The Grand National Employment Association," and "The National Turf Association."

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. A. Phillips, of Catteshall Garden Lane, Godalming, has been awarded this week's £1 ls.

Letters are invited about any scandal or suspected ramp. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93/4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



Scarlett O'Hara, in "Gone With the Wind," wasn't the only woman to be attracted to more than one man

right. That is something new among correspondents.

If a woman is beautiful a man can hardly help a glance of admiration—it is a normal masculine reaction. I see no way of preventing it except by wearing blinkers or following the monks' practice of ignoring the other sex.

The other is probably due to misunderstanding. When a girl wants to be a "pal" she does not desire to neglect her wifely duties. She means that she does not wish her whole life to be restricted to domestic responsibilities.

She wants to share her husband's outside interests—his business problems, his relaxations, his friends, his hobbies. In other words, she wants to be something more than cook-housekeeper-nurse-mother-and-sleeping partner.

Perhaps the word "pal" is unfortunate. What is wrong with the name suggested in the second chapter of Genesis?

TROOPS

Right-eyed youngsters, who have had such a terrible time.

AND WHAT STYLE!

Letters still arrive telling of the Tunis campaign and its triumphal conclusion. L./Cpl. E. Shrimpton, Guards Motor Brigade, Eighth Army, writes to his family at Derwent Road, Stinchley, Birmingham:

You will have heard all the news from here. The Eighth Army once again excelled in doing a lightning dash and smashed the enemy in true Eighth Army style.

The follow-through was terrific. Jerry and the Italians were retreating so fast that we had our work cut out to keep up with them.

Things were very hectic, and we were never in one place more than a few hours—we were always pushing on, making thousands of prisoners and great quantities of stores.

We hardly had time for meals or sleep, but it was worth it. We gave them little chance to make a "Dunkirk."

IT MADE HIM HOP

Mail from home may be scarce in Ceylon, but snakes are plentiful. AC1 T. Newton, serving with the R.A.F. in Ceylon, writes to his family at Highfield Road, Amesbury, Wiltshire:

I had the fright of my life at tea-time yesterday, when I nearly trod on a whip-snake about 5 ft. long. When I saw its head move and its fangs shoot out like lightning, I froze in my tracks with one foot off the ground.

The snake raised its head and swayed backwards and forwards as if about to strike, so I decided not to wait, and hopped it.



Harold Johnson is an expert at drawing in the money!

Court records about him are very illuminating.

Judge Woodcock, not so very long ago, heard a case against him in the assumed name of "J. Gower Cavendish." It revealed that a betting system, under which a payment of £25 was guaranteed by Johnson if £100 was not made by a client on his advice in six weeks, had been run by him.

Here are some of the words used by this learned judge:

"I am satisfied that, if there was a winning account, Cavendish had resorted to a trick to lead the other party into default, and that that trick, in this particular case, was to address the envelope in a very curious way so that it would be delayed."

Johnson, alias Cavendish, went to the Appeal Court, and Lord Justice Scott said, "This is obviously a case of gross and systematic fraud and a procedure which ought to be stopped."

INDUCED FOOLISH PERSONS

Lord Justice Scott, in dismissing the appeal, said that Cavendish then described himself as a banking, finance and investment expert, and induced foolish persons to enter into alleged betting transactions with him on the terms of a set of rules printed in very small type in his circular prospectus.

Those rules, continued the Lord Justice, had no intelligible meaning.

Mr. Cavendish, he added, professed to place bets for his clients on certain complicated terms, the effect of which appeared to be "Heads, I win; tails, you lose."

There is no point in my reviving all the information in my records about this schemer's career. I have said enough to show that any of his rosiely coloured projects are best left alone.

It is not so very long ago that his affairs were in the hands of the London Bankruptcy Court.

A very peculiar position, surely, for a man who says he has a system that will make selected clients rich?

In any guise, he is a very plausible man, who should be rigorously avoided.

BE ON YOUR GUARD AGAINST THEM!

OWING to the war time pressure on our editorial space, I am this week giving a number of warnings in very brief terms.

There is a busy criminal going around the country using many names and guises.

He was christened nearly fifty years ago in the name of Edward Sylvan Davies, but he is known on police records by at least a score of aliases.

A few of them are "Victor Parsons," "Doctor McNamara," "Robert Tremayne," "Godfrey Knox," "Frank V. Holden," and "Joseph Lloyd."

His victims are mostly women.

He uses the best hotels, and makes friendship with impressionable women, who believe his most popular lie that he is connected with a famous company.

Since 1912 he has been periodically to prison for different offences—three times to penal servitude.

* * *

SERVICE IMPOSTORS

NUMEROUS readers are still writing to me about "Service" impostors.

Mostly these are rogues who play mean tricks on housewives.

A typical instance comes to me from Burton-on-Trent, where an alleged lorry driver attached to the R.A.S.C. called on a woman recently and asked for a room, with food, for a couple of nights.

He wore the stripes of a Sergeant, several last war ribbons, and pretended that his lorry was likely to stay in the town for several days. He did—but finally disappeared with a new bicycle and with his bill unpaid.

Police officers are now looking for him in several towns. He uses several aliases—and he is wanted as a deserter.

* * *

CHICKEN FEED!

MANY poultry frauds, too, are in progress, and backyard smallholders should be on their guard against them.

A Bucks reader sent, many months ago, money in response to an advertisement, but has received no satisfaction at all.

A Melton Mowbray reader writes about a similar experience.

As everybody should know, poultry meal is rationed, and poultry breeders, through lack of inquiries about the attractive offers of get-rich-quick concerns, are in many parts of the country being robbed right and left.

* * *

KEEP YOUR MONEY

POLICE officers are at present making inquiries about a man who, some time ago, took an office only a few miles from London, and advertised the sale of substitute poultry food in attractive terms. Then he disappeared with all their money.

The Advertising Association has received a number of complaints about schemers of this type, and readers should be wary of parting with any money to callers or advertisers whom they do not know.

* * *

BOGUS BARONETS

A NUMBER of crooks are creating themselves knights and baronets and other types of noblemen.

"Debrett's" Editor tells me that though they are not being created as fast as the King can create them, at least two bogus noblemen come under his notice every week!

One told a woman a few weeks ago that he was shortly inheriting a title, and so impressed her that he obtained nearly £100 from her, on the promise of marriage, for the alleged payment of legal fees supposedly needed for establishing the title.

He also described himself as a pilot, though he had never been in the R.A.F.

Give
your teeth
a shine
with **Gibbs**
DENTIFRICE

IN HANDY
battledress
REFILLS

7
LARGE SIZE REFILL 111/2
(Including Purchase Tax)

SAVE METAL

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON E.C.4 GD 235A



"NOW
THAT'S
A REAL
SHINE"

- IT
MUST
BE

**CHERRY
BLOSSOM
BOOT POLISH**

APPLY SPARINGLY—
THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

LAST LAUGH

G. T. (Lincoln).—"A crack regiment, I take it, is one full of beans." And a cracked regiment one of has-beens.

W. M. (Luton).—"Experienced railway travellers sit with their backs to the engine." Experienced diners-out sit facing the umbrella-stand.

TAILOR (London, E.C.).—"The vast majority of customers want trousers cut extra long so they can be turned up at home." Very rare, indeed, is the customer who demands extra short trousers to display his spats to the best advantage.

HOUSEWIFE (Ealing).—"There were only three people ahead of me in the fish queue, but I went away empty-handed." You didn't get a plaice?

E. W. (Cambridge).—"A policeman, after visiting a Berlin flat, fell downstairs and returned to arrest the occupant." It was rather unwise to attempt to speed the departing Gestapo.

T. M. (Taunton).—"German soldiers in France dread being sent to the Eastern Front." In spite of the fact that it is a shorter journey now.

G. L. (Hull).—"The Fuehrer is said to be losing weight and going grey." To synchronise, his doubles have to diet and dye it.

MARY (Ilford).—"I was filling the copper when the mistress came in and gave me notice." What were you filling him with?

D. W. (Wembley).—"A.R.P. Wardens at a London post are having a marrow-growing competition this year." They are put on their honour not to induce artificial inflation by stirrup-pump.

T. L. (Tring).—"A German scientist claims to have produced a tail-less rat." This has nothing to do with the fact that Goebbels recently broadcast in a dinner-jacket.

ORNITHOLOGIST (Frinton).—"Birds' claws alter in shape according to changed environment." This has been noticed in London where some birds haven't sat on a railing for years.

T. R. (Hampstead).—"A High-gate parrot is 101 years old and talks fluently." Although the bird is well over the calling-up age the B.B.C. shows no sign of giving it a trial at reading the news.



OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"If yer wants to rest a bit, lady, there's still a bit o' standin' room left out 'ere in the corridor."

Side-Slips

EVENING ARGUS:—"Nine of our PLANETS are reported missing from these operations."

LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—"The sports organisation of the Italian Air FORCE had closed down. . ."

LIVERPOOL EXPRESS:—"The bridegroom is a SUPPER in the R.E.'s."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"... saved a valuable ship, was the boatswain's MARE. . ."

THE MERTHYR EXPRESS:—"The chairman in presenting a grand-mother CLERK. . ."

SOUTHERN DAILY ECHO:—"Fat EYES realised 48s. to 66s., rains 68s. . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● You'd look worried, too, if you were Charles Mangham.

He thinks nothing of the fact that he was wounded three times in the last war. He doesn't say much about the asthma and bronchitis that have racked him for thirteen years.

The real trouble is that he is fit only for very light work—and that his income is correspondingly very light.

His wages, plus an 8s. pension, make up that income to just 36s. a week.

On this pitiful mite he struggles to maintain his wife, himself, and five children ranging in age from seven to fifteen!

So you can understand his anxiety. You can picture his difficulty in avoiding debt after paying his rent of 12s. 6d.

And JOHN BULL appeals to you with confidence to lessen that load of hardship—if only to provide some winter coal for the Manghams' empty cellar.

Please send a donation (mark it either for "Bronchitis" or our General Fund) to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We'll gladly post an acknowledgment if you give your name and address, though we're equally grateful for anonymous gifts, and a copy of the current week's subscriptions will be sent on request. Every penny received goes to the Fund. There are no deductions for administrative expenses!

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."



He doesn't say much

THIS WEEK'S CASH WINNERS

1st PRIZE £100—"BULLETS" 1,393

E. A. Greene, 70, Billing Road, Northampton, for this "Bullet" :-

BEFORE THE YEAR'S OUT
FLAME OUT? PROPHECY OUT!

510: W. E. Hawes, Plummer's Hill, Wells, Norfolk.

Over in Russia—Vast Distances—"Long Views."

55: Mrs. B. Kliner, Lowlands, Lr. Cumberworth, Nr. Huddersfield.

To Escape From Blindness—Dumbly "Marsie" Helped Us.

54: F. Knight, 21, Walsley Rd., Preston. Made The Punnet Thin—Mind Friend's "No Meaning!"

53: J. Byles, Cromwell Col. High St. Wellingborough. Not So Funny—If Required, Home Guard.

52: H. Curran Dale, 123, Marlston Drive, Nottingham. Over in Russia—"Divisions" We Must "Subtract."

51: A. W. Whaley, 42, Lady Smith Rd., Exeter. When Bushes Cracks—Guard-room—For Making Noise!

A. Whitehead, Crow Nest, Hobden, Brighthelmston. Showed His Love—Wanted Second-hand Utility from!

A list of 20 winners of 10s. can be seen at three offices: 1,300 Mark Awards have also been posted!

£50 for 4 LETTERS NEXT PAGE

6 PRIZES OF 50s.:

F. C. Bethell, 21, Frial Ave., Lincoln. To Guess Words—"Under-dogs" Hungry Asks "Tally-ho!"

B. Buckner, 15, London Rd., Halesham. "Shadow Of Debut—Don't Forget, Because" "Bobbed!"

G. L. Smith, 18 (R.F.) Woodview Tn., Bradford. Made The World Think—"More Of Us." Winner.

C. C. Spink, 22, Barry New Rd., Whitwell, M.C. To Escape From Adversity—Annie Visited 54, Agony!

A. W. Whaley, 42, Lady Smith Rd., Exeter. When Bushes Cracks—Guard-room—For Making Noise!

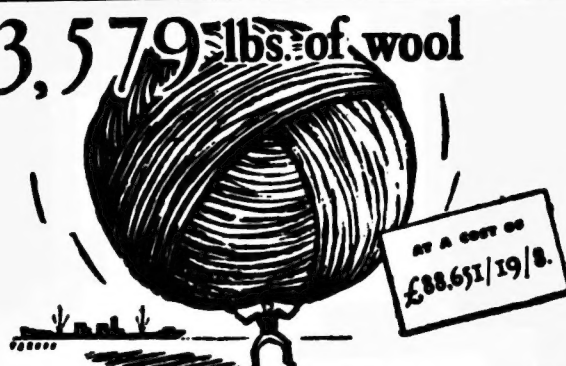
A. Whitehead, Crow Nest, Hobden, Brighthelmston. Showed His Love—Wanted Second-hand Utility from!

A list of 20 winners of 10s. can be seen at three offices: 1,300 Mark Awards have also been posted!

CHEQUES FOR 24

RESULT OF XWORD 345

373,579 lbs. of wool



—were knitted by our 250,000 voluntary workers last year. Measured out, the wool would reach 212,261 miles. And this is only part of the Merchant Navy Comforts Service.

MERCHANT SEAMEN. The Merchant Navy Comforts Service is doing its best to organize fair distribution throughout the coasts of the country. If by chance you have not received your share, write to our London Depot, Merchant Navy Comforts Service, 67, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

MERCHANT NAVY COMFORTS SERVICE

ISSUED BY—NATIONAL APPRAI APPRAISERS, 62, KEATHE STREET, LONDON, E.W.3

FALSE TEETH and comfort with confidence

A denture which, owing to gum shrinkage, no longer fits perfectly, is painful and embarrassing. To restore comfort with confidence, Dentists recommend KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, prepared specifically to make false teeth fit firmly. Sprinkled evenly but sparingly on the contact surface of the plate, KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE will hold it in position for many hours. From all Chemists in 1/3d Sprinkler tins for pocket or handbag; also in the large 'Economy' size, 3/3d.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE
Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

SEND YOUR PHOTO by AIRGRAPH

Pictures from home mean a lot to the men abroad, especially at Christmas. If you send us a good negative with clear details, we will print it on an Airgraph form ready for your 3/6 message. Price 3/6 (5/- if from print)

Send p.o. and Negative to:
GRATISPOOL CO.,
ISLES LANE, LEEDS, 11

YOU
ful
the
safe,
and
Bile
up
the
blood-
fat-form
Beans
and
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So,
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have
gone
Beecham
liable.
They
are
Grand
for
Pains
and

Prices
Purchase
BE
PO



Why Not An ATTRACTIVE Figure Yourself

YOU, too, can keep youthful and attractive, with the aid of Bile Beans—the safe, pleasant way to health and slenderness.

Bile Beans regulate and tone up the system, cleanse the blood-stream, and daily remove fat-forming residues. Thus Bile Beans improve health and vitality and bring slender, youthful lines.

So, if you want to look and feel fitter than ever before—Just Remember Nightly

BILE BEANS



"That COLD Has Gone!"

NOW let's get back to work! I am glad I took a dose of Beecham's Powders. The symptoms have gone and I feel fine! Beecham's Powders are really reliable. They act quickly and certainly. They are easy and pleasant to take. Grand for Colds, Chills, Flu, Nerve Pains and Rheumatic Twinges.

Prices in Great Britain (including Purchase Tax) Cartons of 6 Powders 1/6. Single Powders 2d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

TO PARENTS of children between the ages of one and fifteen.

"Diphtheria is a deadly enemy of childhood..."

says

**L O R D
H O R D E R**

"...Immunisation is a proved preventive - safe, simple, and does not upset the child"

Ask at your Council Office or School or Welfare Centre they will arrange it free.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

D11/1a

She persevered with **Germolene** and now the **LEG IS QUITE WELL**



Here is another typical Germolene success—a depressing painful skin trouble soon removed. Mr. W. N. writes from Southampton: "My wife suffered with an ulcerated leg. The pain was so bad she could not put her foot down. After a few minutes application of Germolene my wife COULD ACTUALLY FEEL IT EASING THE PAIN. This greatly encouraged her to persevere and now THE LEG IS QUITE WELL." You never know when you may need **GERMOLENE**. Get some now. 1/4 and 1/2 a tin including Purchase Tax.

Soothe at a touch! Heals skin clean!

for ECZEMA, IMPETIGO, SORES, PIMPLES, RASHES, INSECT BITES, BLISTERS, INFLAMMATION and CHAFING of the SKIN, etc.

Wish I had taken **Phosferine** long ago says Mrs. N.L. of Birmingham

"My husband asked me to try Phosferine a week or two ago when I was feeling very depressed and poorly. I can only say that I wish I had taken Phosferine long ago—I feel so very different now, and my husband says he feels much more energetic one hour after a dose." (Sgd.) Mrs. N.L.

Take Phosferine in good time! The far-reaching benefits which can follow a day or two on Phosferine are well-known to millions. Get some Phosferine today!

1/4 (No. 1 size) & 3/3 (No. 2 size) (including Purchase Tax) 2 Tablets equal 10 drops

PHOSFERINE

(Tablets or Liquid)

Win a **BIG CHEQUE** for 4 LETTERS!

Tried "Laugh-Lines"? It's new—it's quick—it's easy—it's fun! What's more, there's £50 cash which can be yours for just **FOUR LETTERS ONLY**.

Check the while over the cheerful "Bullets" below. Then, closely following instructions on your coupon, complete a 2d. entry column. Coupon provides for up to six attempts, but remember that just one shot can hit the £50 bull's-eye!

£50 CASH 1st PRIZE

XWORDS Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing £100 Xword Offer to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Slingby Place, London, W.C.2.

- The Burglar—Ginked Decanter—Awoke Father!
- Falling—Ash—Missus Hears It!
- Prevented A Panic—Be'sun—Language Melted Iceberg!
- Wrecked The Ceremony—Wasp Thinking Bride "Sweet."
- Fish And Chips—Of Ice, Betrayed Angler!
- All Through The Night—If House-dog Ever Barks!
- Our Lot—Got Photographer "All In"!
- My Share—Of Ma-in-law, The "Law."
- Hurt The Pedestrian—"I Heeded, You Owl!"

GIVE KEY LETTERS OF 4 BEST LAUGH LINES—ENTRY COILS BELOW

HOW YOU CAN WIN £50

Carefully select the **FOUR** most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving **FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY** in column of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry on at foot of page — or enclose with **Bullets** entry.

I agree to Rules and enclose correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Oct. 30.

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, OCT. 12.

139

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the best being cleverness, aptness and originality; Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bulletin Editors. Ties divide and not more than one Laugh-Line prize per entrant to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in **Bullets** and **Laugh-Lines** shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 1d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of B.M. Forces halve rate if coupons personally completed and service mark is indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's contests, published in JOHN BULL dated Nov. 6, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

DOUBLED 1st PRIZE THIS WEEK! **£100** CASH for 23-4 WORDS. 1281 OTHER AWARDS: £10 £5 £4 £3 £2. 6 of 30 20 of 100 1250 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Oct. 20.

WHY BRITAIN LIVES BEFORE WE ATTACK SAID HITLER TO MUSSO WHEN THEY MET AS IF BY MAGIC FRENZIED EFFORTS HIS PUNISHMENT NOT FINISHED YET WICKED MAN AWAY ON THE HORIZON

BULLETS 1,393 RESULT appears on page 14

WHITEHALL THINKS GRUDGINGLY DAD'S HARVEST IN THE LIGHT HIGH FINANCE ONLY A BEGINNING SONNY'S BOOTS ARMCHAIR WARRIOR PLEASANT SURPRISE HER LITTLE BIT

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

SMASHED BY THE SOMETHING TO GIVEN THE TO EVERYBODY'S HANDFUL OF THREATENING TO

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my residence including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Oct. 30. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value..... Signed.....

No. Closing Postmark, Monday, Oct. 12. Address.....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with a paid entry in blank margin below.

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,397 — or "Laugh-Lines" 139, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

*If he's found
Somebody
New...*



Remember—no love affair lasts long, if a girl is guilty of Oral Offence. Don't risk further heartbreak—use Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that ensures a fragrant mouth and sparkling teeth.



The largest tube at the price.
1/1—Including Tax

Oral Offence is the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth spotless. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offences—instantly!

Play Safe! USE
COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY

Imperial
(OLD BRUYERE)



Treasure your Imperial

CIVIC CO. LTD. LONDON W.6

**YOU HAVE JUST HEARD A
TALK ON HOME GUARD TACTICS**



... BUT THEY WERE NOT LISTENING

They didn't bother to switch off the radio when they started to chat, so electricity was wasted and the life of the valves shortened.

Valves are on war service nowadays and replacements are hard to get—so when you are not really listening... **SWITCH OFF!**

of new Mullard Sets and Valves available, and then you too, like the thousands of fortunate Mullard owners who today are enjoying trouble-free, true-tone listening, can once again insist on...

MULLARD

RADIO VALVES AND SETS

CARELESS LISTENING COSTS VALVES!

MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFESBURY AVE., W.C.2. (56c)

*Bill's
putting his
growing
strength to
good use...*

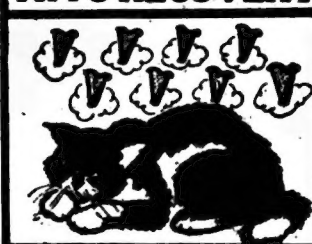


Already it's easy to see that he won't lack character and keenness in the years when he's a man. Mum knows he won't be properly equipped unless there's health to help him too. That's why it's Lifebuoy for all her home-cleaning jobs, to make sure she gets rid of dirt and the germs that go with dirt.

**so guard his health now with
LIFEBUOY home cleaning**

2½d per 4-oz. tablet—1 coupon (net weight when manufactured)

TIBS RECOVERY



"I feel as if I've lost eight lives. And the other one doesn't matter."



"Oh - hi! TIBS!! Mistress did notice after all. Now we'll see."



"I've got my 9 lives back. Listen! —purr, purr, purr, purr, purr, purr, purr, purr, purr."

"TIBS" are tasteful in the cat's food of drink. From all chemists and confectioners. 7d. for 4, or 1/6 for 12.

100 PURES IN EVERY PACKET

A product of Rob Martin Ltd., Sudbury.

**Good Health
for Good Work!**
ASPRO
will help you!

**You
MUST
be WELL
to be
100%
efficient**

Illness may be half illness but it's harmful, all the same, and a big hindrance to the nation's productive effort. Some are laid up—others carry on, but with reduced efficiency because THEY CANNOT GET INTO THE "GETTING WELL" FRAME OF MIND. Pain, sleeplessness or nervousness distract their minds and Nature's healing powers haven't a chance to function. THAT'S WHERE 'ASPRO' STEPS IN AND GIVES NATURE THE HELP IT NEEDS. 'ASPRO' rapidly dispels pain, colds, and feverishness—soothes the nerves and brings sweet, restful sleep to the sleepless. The mind is active and alert once more—it becomes a positive factor for good health. Natural healing forces are strongly reinforced and BEFORE YOU REALISE IT YOU ARE WELL.

**'ASPRO' ACTION IS
QUICK, SAFE & SURE**

'ASPRO' HER BEST FRIEND

Miss CONSTANCE SPENCER, of 22 Bank Gardens, Pentoth, Warrington, writes:—"ASPRO" have been the best friend I ever had. Without them I should not have been able to put in all the long hours I do at my work, for you know Constance work is not easy, though I am still going strong at it, and we are eating fresh home every day, so you can be very sure I lose no time in telling them about the wonderful good 'ASPRO' do me. I will sleep my better now, again thanking you, and wishing you every success."

SLEEPS "LIKE A TOP"

MAURICE ATKINSON, of 13 Furness Park Road, Barrow, writes:—"After a long 'log-off' from activity 'ASPRO' have done more to steady my nerves than anything. I may add that at night I am asleep without any 'ASPRO'—result is I sleep 'like a top.'"

**OF ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES.
PRICES: 3P, 6P & 1/3P**

ASPRO
Made in England by
ASPRO LIMITED,
Slough, Bucks.